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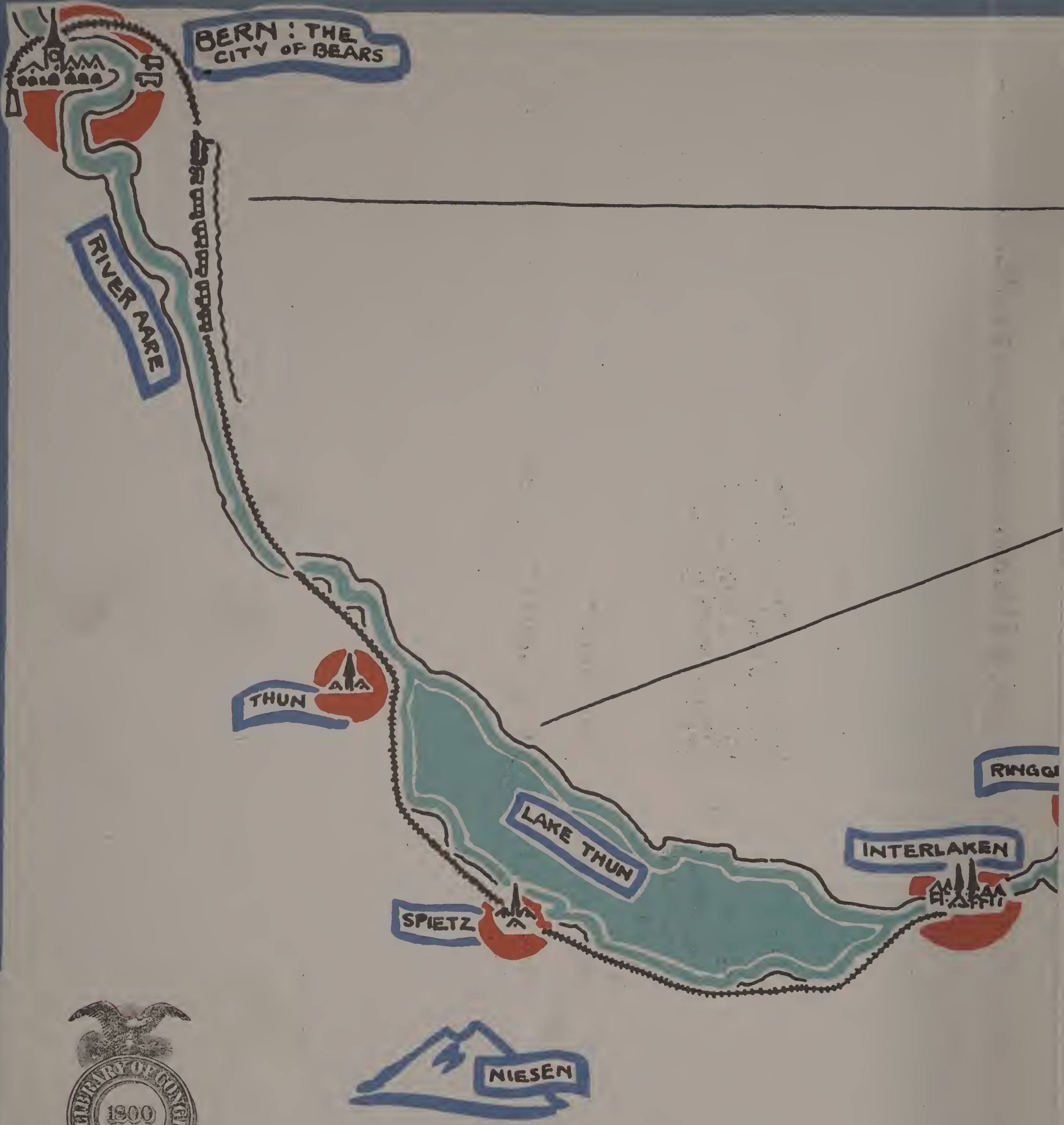
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ROBI AND HANNI IN THE SWISS ALPS



By EMMA BROCK

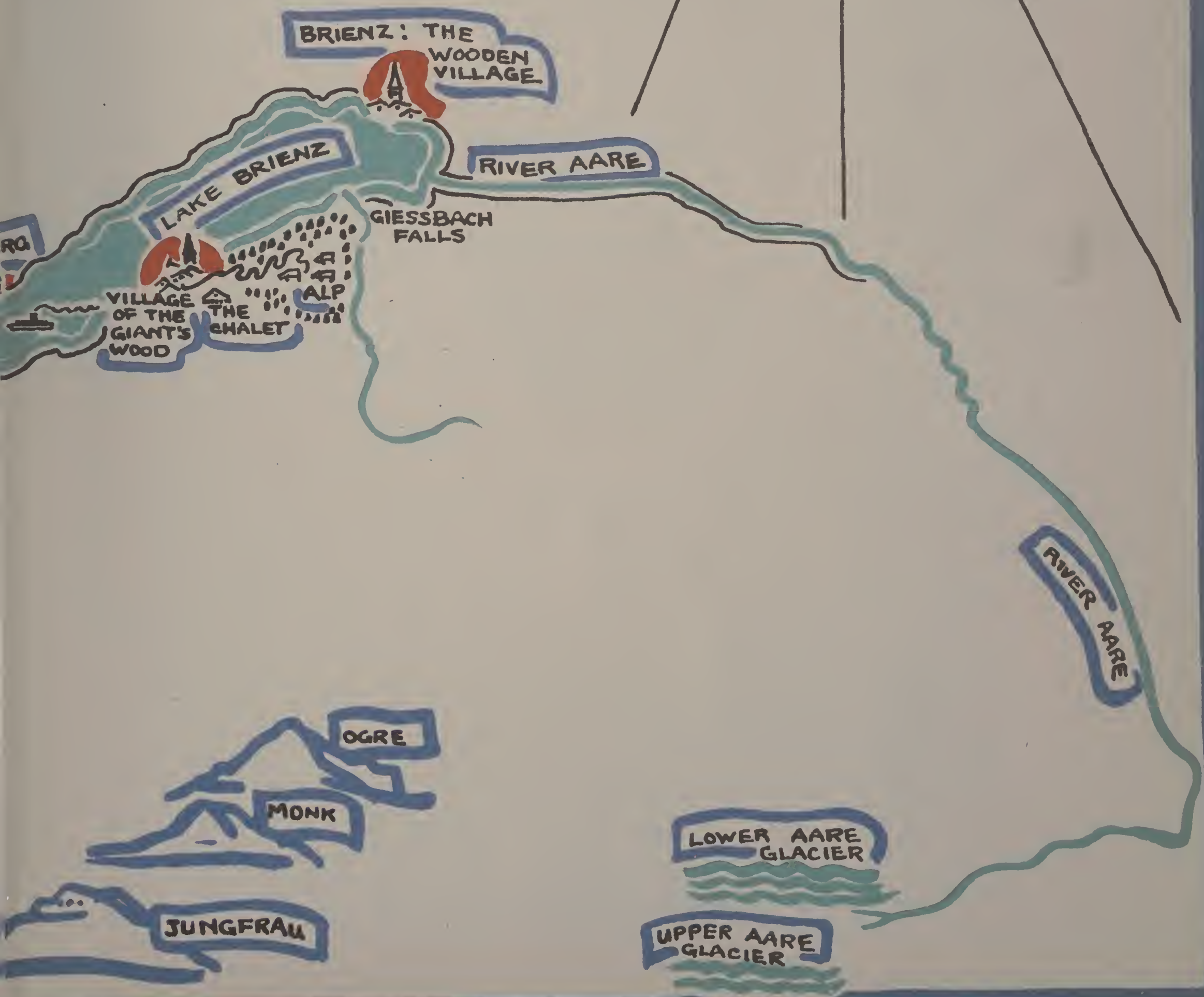


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HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS

Robi and Hanni in the Swiss Alps

Written and Pictured by
EMMA BROCK



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The Village of the Giant's Wood



THE SECRET

AND we must not tell any one. Not Grandmother nor Grandfather, nor anybody,” said Robi, slapping his hands against his legs. “Not any one at all.”

“No,” said Hanni, switching her braids back over her shoulders. “Not any one at all. Not even Grandfather or Grandmother. It’s a secret.”

“All summer long we must not tell it,” said Robi. “Not until the cows come down from the mountains in the fall.”

“No,” said Hanni, “it’s a secret.”

“You’re sure you will not tell? It would spoil everything to tell.”

“Oh, no. I truly won’t. It’s a secret. But could I tell Lisabeteli?”

“Oh, she’s just a doll. You could tell her. But don’t let Grandmother hear you telling her about it. It must be a surprise for everybody.”

Robi wondered if Hanni could really keep a secret. She was only seven years old and her face was still very round and plump. Could she keep their secret?

She must know about it, because Robi needed her help in working out the secret. They must both earn all the money they could during the summer, so that they would have enough money to—well—for the secret.

“Oh, I won’t tell a soul except Lisabeteli and I’ll whisper it to her very quietly. And I can, perhaps, sell some eggs and some berries.”

“And I can, perhaps, weed some gardens and take care of some goats or something. And we won’t spend a penny for anything.”

“No,” said Hanni, slapping her legs with her fat hands just as Robi did. “No,” she repeated.

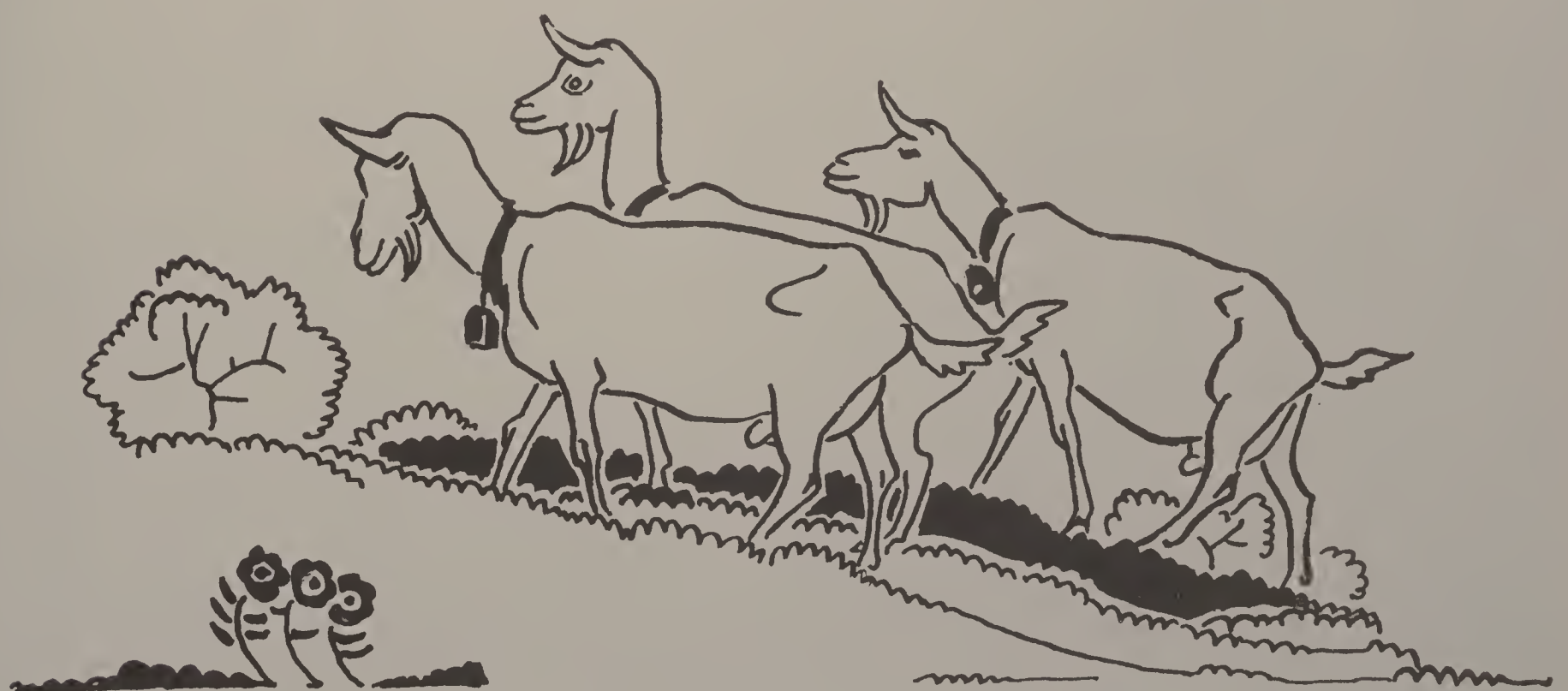
Robi and Hanni were sitting in a corner by the bake oven that stood on the side of the mountain by the goat shed. Once a week their grandmother baked bread in the oven. She would build a fire in the oven and when the stones were heated through, she would drag out the red coals and put in the light loaves of rye bread. They baked crispy brown. It was the best bread anyone could make.

Robi and Hanni were hidden behind the oven. No one could hear them talking there. Hanni wore a checkered apron over her bright blue dress and her hair was braided so tightly that

it stood out in stiff curves over her shoulders. Her hair was the color of pale cheese. Robi wore a red shirt and wide brown trousers. His hair was not one shade darker than Hanni's, but it was cut short and stood up like stubble. The feet of both were bare and they were wiggling their toes in the grass.

Robi was nine years old and he was feeling very important, because the next day he was going with the cows and the goats and the cowherds up to the mountains. Every summer the cows and the goats were taken to the mountain meadows. They went up in May and stayed all summer until snowfall. Robi was old enough now to stay up with them for only two or three weeks, just while the cows were in the lower pasture.

When the snows had melted away from the middle pasture in June, the cows and the goats and the herd boys would climb higher along the mountain path and Robi would go back down the mountain to his home above Lake Brienz. Only bigger boys and grown-up men could stay all summer with the cows.





But Robi felt almost grown-up when he thought of going with the cows tomorrow. His brother Carl was old enough to stay all summer. He was a big boy fourteen years old and he would help guard the cows in their mountain pastures. When he came down in the fall, he would be given some cheese to sell. Then he would have some silver francs to put away in his savings box. He kept the box hidden in the corner of the shelf in the cow house at home.

He was saving up his money to go to the carving school at Brienz, the Wooden Village. They called the village by that name because so many wood carvers lived there. They carved out of wood little figures of people and of animals and little chalets or houses like the one Carl and Robi lived in. They also carved clocks and furniture. Carl wanted to learn to carve animals very well indeed. He could carve cows now, so that they really looked like cows, but he wanted to go to the carving school at Brienz so that he could learn to carve them even better.

The carving school was a wonderful one. Some of the boys learned to carve people. They made carvings of each other and of the goatherds and of the old men and women. With their round-handled wood carving tools, chip, chip, they cut away the wood from a square block. Chip, chip, more here and more there, until, see, there was old Chrigel, the goatherd, or old Gritli, his wife. Some of the boys carved animals—goats and kids and birds and the wild chamoix that climbed the mountain rocks. They went to the zoo and carved the animals there. They carved the bears and the lions.

Carl wanted very much to go to the school. He wanted to carve more than anything else in the world. His grandfather had told him that when he had earned half of the money for the school, he would give him the other half. His grandfather was not a rich man. He had a good chalet and a good cow house and a goat shed and a bake oven, but he had only four cows and so was not very rich.



Some of the people living in that valley had many more cows than that and many more valley meadows to grow hay to feed the cows in the winter time. But as Carl's grandfather had only four cows, he was not rich enough to pay all the money for the carving school. Carl must pay part of it.

Now Robi wanted to earn money, too, for the secret and Hanni would help him, if she could just keep from telling about it.

"Perhaps I can earn a little when I am up in the mountains with the cows. Perhaps I can," said Robi.

Hanni nodded her head.

"Perhaps the hens will lay a lot of eggs," said she, "big baskets full."

"Alli-hoh-hoh-hoh!" some one called from the chalet.

"The grandmother is calling," said Robi. "Now don't tell the secret."

"Oh, I won't," said Hanni. She put her fat hand tightly over her mouth and began to tiptoe toward the house. She was all giggly with the secret and her shoulders were heaving up and down under her stiff braids.

"Oh, the secret sticks out all over her," said Robi. "Grandmother will guess in a minute."

Hanni went giggling into the house. She looked out of the top of her eyes over her fat hand that was still holding her mouth shut to keep in the giggles.

"Whatever is the matter with Hanni?" asked Grandmother. Hanni turned her back and ducked her face into both hands.

"What is the matter with her, Robi?" asked Grandmother.

“Oh, Grandmother,” cried Robi, “she has a secret and she is trying not to tell it. Please don’t even ask her what the secret is, and don’t you ask her, Grandfather. It is a good secret and you will be glad when you know it in the fall.”

“Oh, we’ll never ask her,” said Grandmother and Grandfather in one voice. “We certainly will never ask her one word about it. It would not do to spoil a secret.”

And after Hanni knew that Grandmother and Grandfather would never ask about the secret, she stopped giggling and turned into a real little girl who was hungry for her supper of cheese and milk and rye bread. They all sat around the table in the kitchen and drank their milk from round blue bowls and no one said a word about the secret.

After supper Hanni and Lisabeteli went to the corner of the bake oven and Lisabeteli heard the secret. And if she, too, was giggling about it, she never even showed it.



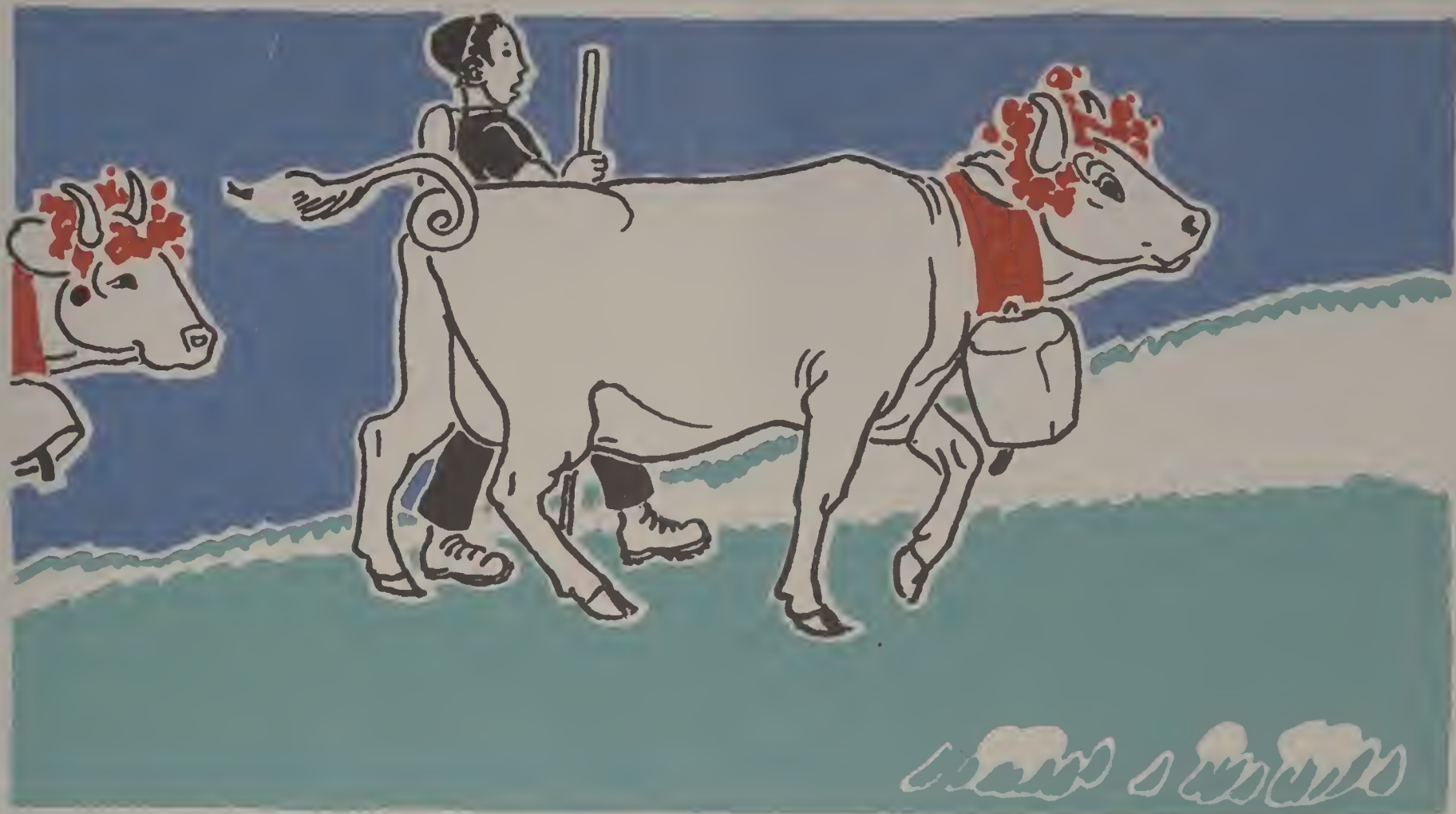


UP TO THE MOUNTAINS

Early the next morning, as soon as it was light, all the people of the village came out to see the cows and the goats start off for the mountains.

The village cows had been let out of the cow houses where they had been shut up all winter. They had been led into the valley meadows and were frisky with excitement. The cows were running around and kicking up their heels and lowing at every kick. They knew they were going up into the mountains to the sweet mountain grass. The calves were jumping about because they were young and happy. The cow bells were all jangling in big and little jangles. And the goat bells were tinkling along with them.

The strongest and most beautiful cow of all the village had a large squarish bell almost as big as her head. This bell hung



around her neck. It did not tinkle or jangle, but said, “Boom, boom,” every step she took. She was the queen or lead cow, the one that would lead the other cows up the mountain path to the alp.

The alp was not a mountain. It was a little green meadow on the side of a mountain, where the grass was long and sweet. Around the alp were the rocks of the mountain. It was from these alps in the mountains that the Alps Mountains got their name.

The cows and the goats were ready to go before the herds-men were. They kept trying to hurry away up the mountain path. At last everything was ready.

“Alli-hoh-hoh-hoh!” yodelled the herdsmen and the procession started. First went Berli, the big brown cow with her bell as big as her head. And then the other cows and the calves fol-

lowed. All their horns were trimmed with flowers. The cowherds in their bright white shirts and their velvet jackets embroidered in red went singing along with them.

Then went the goats jerking over the ground on their stiff legs, their eyes bulging as they looked about. And after them went the wagons and the donkeys carrying the cheese caldrons of copper and the wooden milk pails and the cheese presses and the clothes of the herders.

The cow bells were booming and ringing and the goat bells were tinkling and the girls and boys were singing high and low the song of the alps:

“On the green alp,
In the grassy meadow,
There go the herdsmen
In the happy spring!”

The village people followed along the path after the cows and the cowherds. Carl was walking beside his grandfather's cows and Robi was walking with him. Robi had on heavy wool socks that his grandmother had knit, and very heavy leather shoes that were almost twice as big as his feet. And he had a pointed hat on his head. He felt like a real herdsboy, as they tramped slowly up the path with the cows.

Hanni ran after Robi and whispered in his ear, “I'll never tell, never all the time you are gone.”

“Be sure,” said Robi, setting his alpenstock firmly in the stony path. “Be very sure not to.”

The village people fell back, but the cows and the goats and the herdsmen climbed slowly up into the fir forest. The village people could hear them singing. The song echoed back and

forth from the rocks to the pine trees and from the pine trees to the lake. It echoed back and forth through the mountains:

“Springtime is here, gone is the snow,
The heavens are blue, the cuckoo is calling,
For May now is here.
Allihoh-hoh-hoh!”

The spring-time is here and gone is the snow, the heav-ens are
blue and the cuc-koo is call-ing, For May is now here. Al-li-
ho, al-li ho, al-li - ho, al-li-ho, a - ho! Ho - Tra-la-
la, la, la, la, la, tra-la-la- la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, la, la, Tra-la-
la, tra-la-la, la, tra-la-la, la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!” yodelled the cowherds.

“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!” yodelled the people of the village.

The cows climbed slowly up the mountain path past the pines. Robi felt proud and grown-up to be going with them. He stamped his heavy shoes and clicked the metal end of his alpenstock against the stones.

Sometimes as they climbed, they were in the deep forest and could see only the tall trunks of the trees reaching up toward the sky. Sometimes the path turned out into the open. Then they could look down on the brown roofs of the little village of the Giant's Wood. That was the name of the village where Robi and Hanni lived. Robi could see their own gray chalet with its green blinds, perched part way up the mountain. He could see the big stones on the roof that kept the wind from blowing away the shingles. There was a little red spot by the bake oven. That was Hanni. Perhaps she was waving at him. He waved his big red handkerchief and hoped that she could see it.

The cows and the cowherds climbed the path for a long time. The calves and the kids were not frisking any more. They were walking carefully as if their legs hurt. The cows stopped to drink at the milky white stream that came tumbling down over the rocks. It was coming from the melting glacier, the big mass of ice far up in the mountains. It was milky from the stones ground up by the ice of the glacier. The stream was on its way to drop over the rocks of a waterfall into turquoise-colored Lake Brienz.

They climbed up through the forest trees. It was dark and cool. Robi's legs were beginning to feel as shaky as the legs of the calves. He leaned heavily on his alpenstock, but he did



He waved his big red handkerchief

not tell any one that he was tired. No real herdsboy could admit that he was tired when he was climbing up with the cows.

At last when they had walked most of the morning, the cows began to lift their heads and spread their nostrils. Wasn't the green alp just ahead of them?

"We're almost there," said Carl. He was a big boy and not tired at all, but Robi's breath was coming in great gasps and his knees were going wobbly-wobble every step he took.

As they turned a corner in the path, they saw an opening in the trees, and framed in the opening was a wide green meadow sprinkled with wild flowers. It was the alp.

The cows tossed their heads and hurried their tired feet and the calves scampered stiffly with excitement. The herd spread out in the meadow. The cows lay down, groaning as they bent their stiff legs. They were there.

Robi lay down too, in the shadow of a log cheese hut, but he did not groan. No herdsboy groans. He took off his alpen hat and he took off his alpen shoes and he took off his alpen socks and spread his tired bare feet out in the cool meadow grass. He was there!





ON THE ALP

Robi must have fallen asleep, because the next thing he knew it was sunset and the alpen horn was sounding. The cows were all standing around chewing their cuds after being milked. They seemed perfectly at home. They knew where the drinking trough was and they knew where to find the salt for licking.

It was the hour of vespers. The head herder was blowing the music of a psalm on his alpen horn. The song echoed from crag to crag. And the herdsmen of other alps belonging to other villages took up the song and blew the music on their horns. The song echoed from mountain to mountain.

Robi rubbed his eyes. He felt rather ashamed that he had been sleeping. No real cowherd sleeps in the day time. He got to his feet and went walking stiffly around like a goat.

“Well, I could eat some supper,” he said in a loud voice. “A little walk like that gives a boy an appetite.” That would show them that he was a real cowherd.



He walked around faster and faster until his legs were limber again. After his supper of cheese and bread and milk, he sat looking around the wide alp. On one side was the forest they had climbed through. The tall evergreen trees stood dark against the sunset sky. On another side high above the meadow rose a rocky mountain wall. He could see a path zigzagging upward.

But that was not the path that the cows would take when they had eaten all the grass on this lower alp and gone up to the middle pastures. Their path lay across the alp and into another piece of dark forest. Above the trees against the sky were the rocks that they could see from their chalet on the hill. They were glowing rose and red from the setting sun. They looked as if they were transparent and had a light shining from inside.

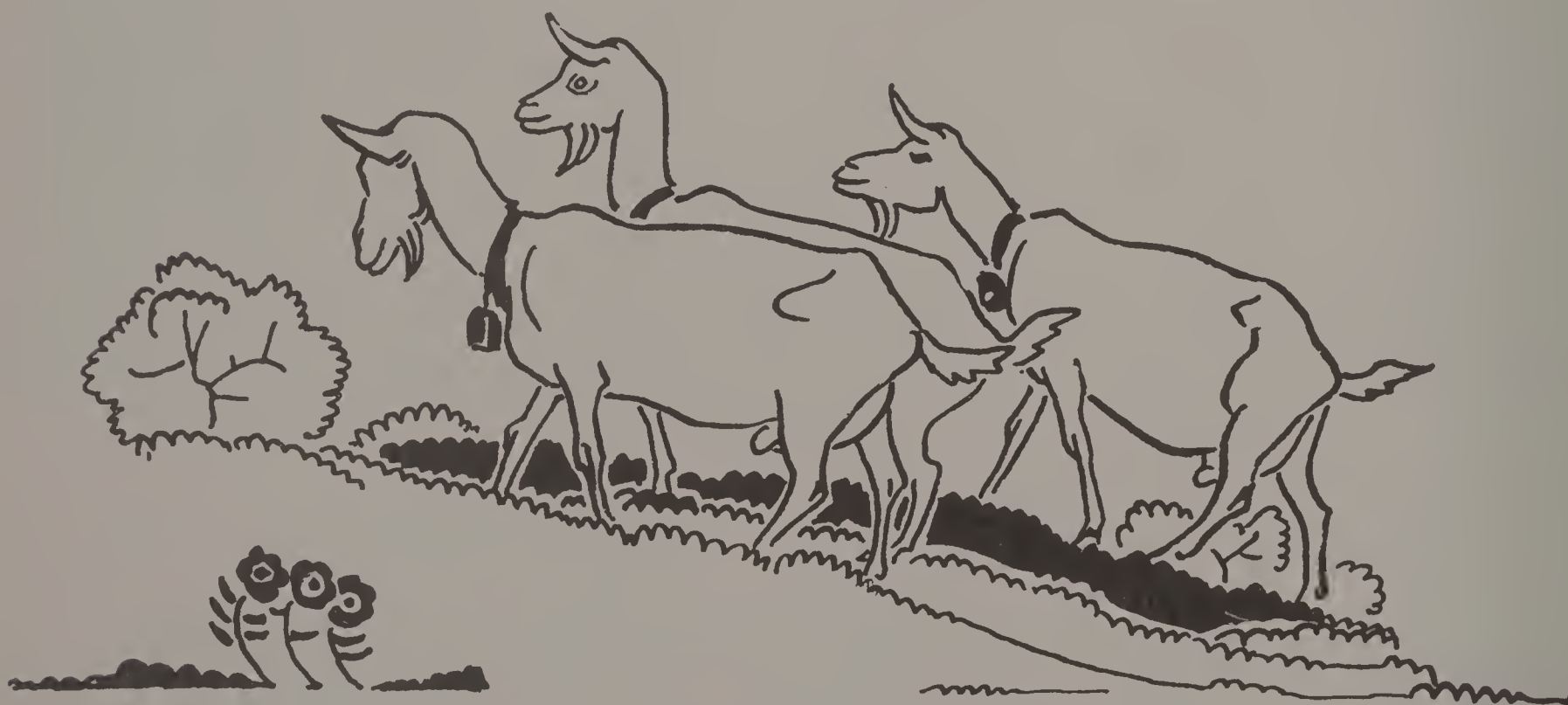
On the fourth side of the alp, the ground dropped away far down the mountain and Robi could look out over the twin lakes, Lake Brienz and Lake Thun. Far below him lay Lake Brienz like a big turquoise. On one side was the town of Brienz, the Wooden Village. A tiny white steamer was skimming over the lake toward his own village that was hidden from him by the forest they had come climbing through. The River Aare twisted its way from Lake Brienz into Lake Thun. It was turquoise-colored too. Perched on the River Aare was the little city of Interlaken. That name means "between the lakes." Beyond Lake Thun were mountains, tall ones. There was the pyramid top of the Niesen that people like to climb. It was pink and misty in the sunset.

And that was when Robi fell asleep again.

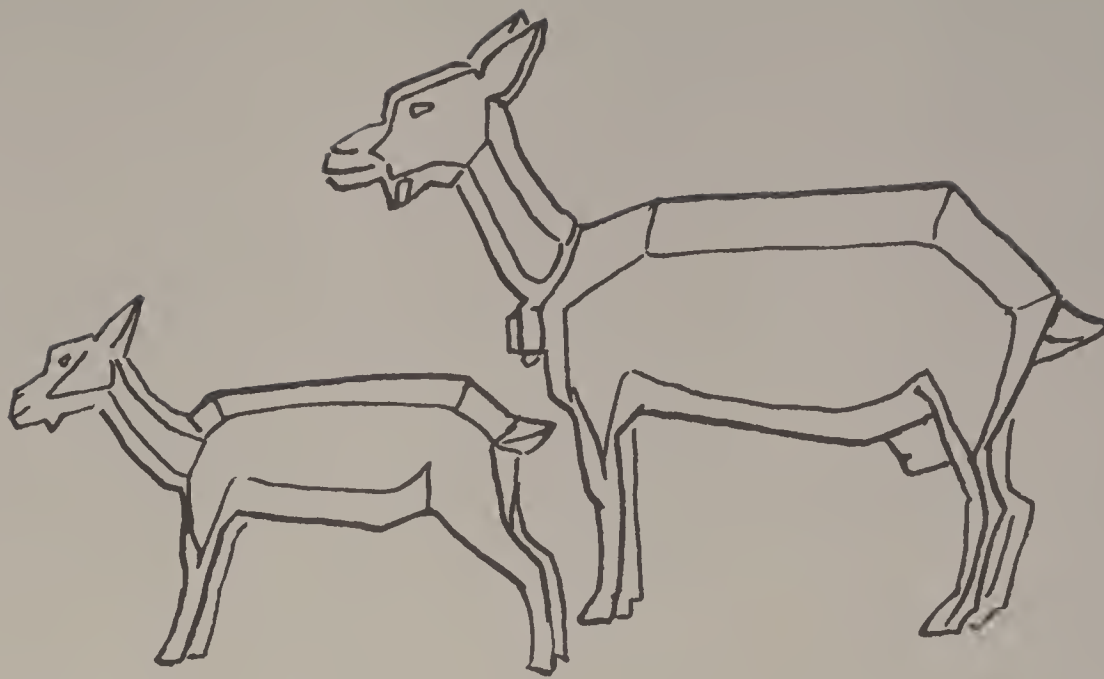


It was the cowherd's horn that wakened him in the morning. He was lying on the ground where he had fallen asleep, but some one had thrown a heavy alpen cloak over him to keep him warm. The stiffness was still in his leg, but he walked as if they did not hurt at all. He would never make a herdsboy, if he slept all the time! And wasn't he going to earn money for the secret? Robi shook himself and stalked over to Carl.

Carl was one of the cowboys. He would watch the cows to see that they did not wander into the forest or go too close to the edge that dropped off down the mountain. The goats were herded over on the fringe of the forest where there were bushes and other rough things to eat. It was surprising what strange



things a goat would eat. Plain green grass was not nearly so good as berry bushes, they thought. In a few days they would be taken far up in the stony pastures above the alp where no cow could go.



“How do you think I could earn some money, Carl?” asked Robi. “I need some very much.”

“What do you need money for?” asked Carl.

“Oh, it’s a secret,” said Robi. “It is a very special secret not to be told to any one, not even Grandmother and Grandfather. Only Hanni knows, because she is helping with it. And I’m afraid she’ll tell. She’s all bursting with the secret already. Don’t ever ask her what it is, will you, Carl?”

“Oh, I’ll never ask,” said Carl.

“It would just spoil the secret for any one to know it,” said Robi.

“I’ll never ask her and I won’t even let her tell me,” promised Carl. “And perhaps the head herder can find something for a small herdsboy to do.”

So they asked the head herder that evening. He pulled his beard and looked hard into Robi’s blue eyes with his own blue ones.

“*Ja, ja* (Yes, yes). There might be something.” His voice boomed out as loudly as the lead cow’s bell and made Robi



jump in his shoes. “*Ja*, when we make the cheese, we’ll find some work and there could be some silver francs if the work is well done.”

So Robi did chores here and there. He scrubbed the milk from the wooden milk pails in the stream that ran down across the alp. He scrubbed them shining clean. And he carried them to the cowherds who went from cow to cow milking. Their milking stools were strapped around their waists and they walked about with the one leg of the stool sticking out behind like a stiff tail, stiffer even than the tail of a goat.

And when they made the cheese, Robi brought the wood to keep the fire going under the huge copper caldron. He was so very busy bringing the wood and pushing pieces into the fire, that he hardly had time to watch the cheese making.

The cheese was made in a hut that had only one room and an earthen floor. A fireplace stood at one end and a long bench at the side. The cheese makers stood by the copper caldron that hung from a hook over the burning fire.



From the wooden milk pails the fresh foaming milk was poured into the caldron. The milk was heated slowly over the fire. The steam circled over the caldron. At just the right moment, the cheese makers put in the rennet that was taken from a calf's stomach. This would make the milk curdle. They beat the milk with a huge ladle called a "harp."

Gradually the lumps of white curds became separated. They floated about in the yellowish whey. When the curds had cooked long enough, they formed a thick paste which was ladled out into a cheesecloth sack. The sackful of cheese was put into a round wooden mould that was sitting on the bench along the wall.

Then the cover was put on and the press was clamped down on the mould to press out the liquid from the curds. The press was clamped more and more tightly on the mould until all the liquid had drained off. Then the big round cheese was put away in salt to "cure." It was stored in the cheese huts on the lower alp.

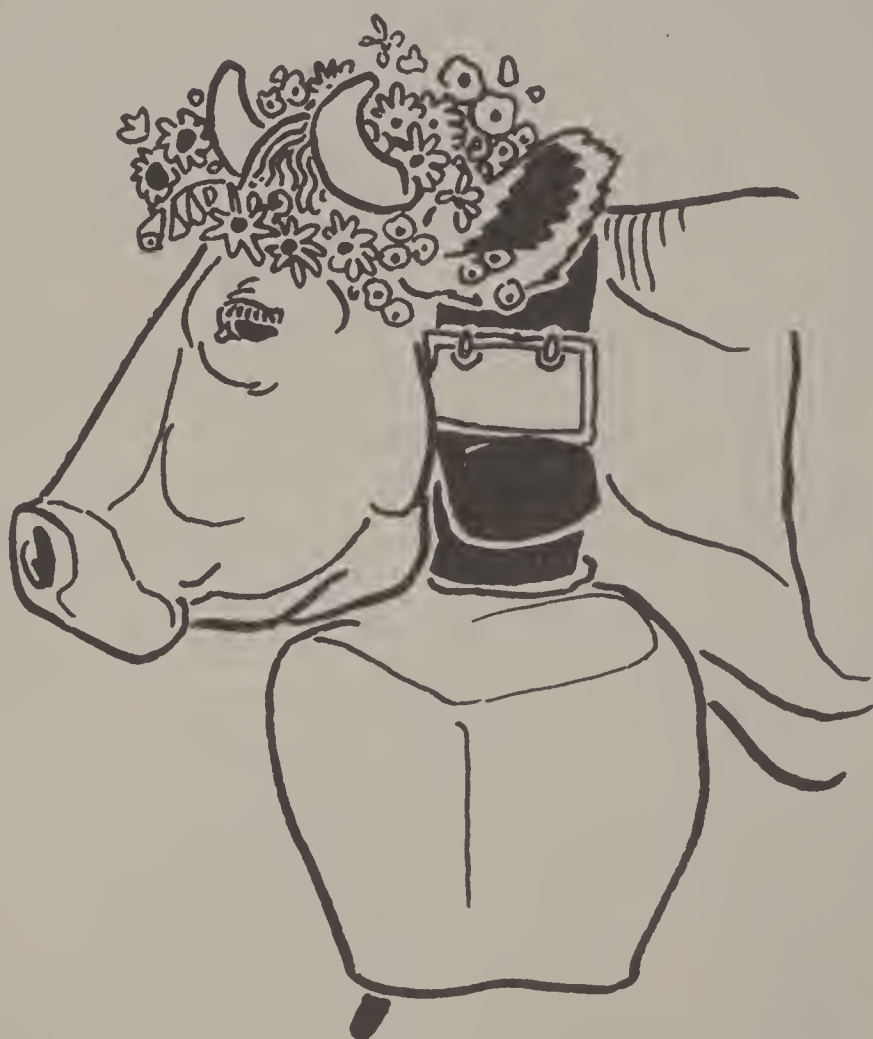
And Robi kept the curds cooking by putting pieces of wood under the copper caldron. He did it very well and he never let the fire go out.

"You are a good cheese boy," the head herder roared at Robi. "Just wait until you have a few more inches and you will be making cheese yourself up here."

Robi grew so pink in the face that his hair looked lighter than ever. It looked almost as white as the creamy curds of the cheese. He was a pretty good herdsboy, he thought.

At last the cows had eaten all the grass in the lower alp. It

was June now and time to climb higher into the mountains. The snows would be melted away so that the grass in the middle pasture would be ready for grazing. The herdsmen packed up their caldrons and their cheese presses and their clothes and things and climbed on up through the pine forest following the loud ringing of Berli's bell.



Carl and Robi did not go with the others that day. They were going down to the Village of the Giant's Wood. Carl had strapped to his back a flat can of cream that he was to carry down to the village. He would go back up the mountain that afternoon with letters and things for the cowherds. Robi had the silver francs that he had earned carefully packed in the bottommost corner of his knapsack.

They tramped slowly down through the evergreen forest. There were forget-me-nots and daisies along the way. Robi could hear the cuckoo calling, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo." It was a real bird, not a clock.

"It will be easier going down," thought Robi. "I won't get out of breath."

No, he was not out of breath, but things were happening to his legs. They were quivering. His knees bent under him when he was not expecting it. His alpenstock slipped on the stones. Carl just kept crunching slowly down the path in his huge alpen shoes. He was a big boy and he did not get tired.

"Perhaps we could have a drink at the stream," said Robi, hoping his knees would not fall apart.

So they stopped by the stream and Robi knelt on the stones





They tramped slowly down through the evergreen forest

and drank from his hand. Carl sat there for a long time and Robi lay in the grass and rested his knees.

“Shall we go on?” asked Carl.

“Oh, yes,” cried Robi. “I am all ready,” and he went stiffly on down the mountain path.

It was noontime when they at last reached the village. Hanni was waiting for them by the bake oven, for she had seen them coming. She put her fat hand over her mouth when she saw Carl.

But Carl said, “Hello, little one,” and did not ask why she was holding her hand over her mouth that way. He just said, “Hello, little one,” and went on toward the house.

“Oh, Robi,” Hanni whispered as soon as Carl had gone. “I have so many francs and pennies for the secret. And oh, Robi, I told Grigga. Was that bad?”

“Oh, Grigga is just a goat,” said Robi. “She won’t tell. But don’t let any one hear you talking about it to her.”

“No!” said Hanni. “I will get the money.”

Hanni ran over to the goat shed and reached up on a shelf and took down an old brown pocketbook.

“Oh, but Hanni,” said Robi, “perhaps we could keep it somewhere else. That Grigga might get the idea of eating it, money and all.”

“But I told her what it is,” said Hanni.

“Even then she might eat it. She’s only a goat and goats eat everything. Perhaps we could find a place for it in the house. And just look at what I have.”

Robi dug down into the bottommost corner of his knapsack



and pulled out the silver francs that the head herder had given him. Hanni took them and tucked them into the purse. They made a pleasant jingling like little goat bells.

“Perhaps we could hide it in—oh, where?” asked Robi.

“On top of the stove in the living room,” said Hanni, “in our secret corner.”

So they crept into the living room and climbed up on the huge green tile stove. Even in the wintertime when the fire was burning in the stove, Robi and Hanni could climb up on the stove. The stove was not too hot, but just warm and comfortable.

They tucked the purse safely into the corner. They shut the door of the living room softly and went into the kitchen for dinner. There was bread and potatoes and milk and soup and, best of all, pancakes for dessert to celebrate the homecoming of the new herdsboy. Robi forgot his tired knees as he sprinkled brown sugar on the pancakes.





THE BROWN PURSE

Hanni had some nickel pieces and some copper pennies in the old purse and even three silver francs. She had taken care of Freda's baby when Freda had gone to Interlaken. She had found a new nest in the hay loft of the cow house and Grandmother said she could have the money if she sold the eggs. She had gone down to the village to buy some yarn for old Frau Seller. And she did a great many other things that brought in the francs and coppers.

Now the wild strawberries were ripe. The afternoon that Robi came home Hanni took a little basket and filled it with cool lettuce leaves. Then she went up along the path to gather strawberries. They were small and red and pointed. Hanni

tasted one of them to be sure that it was good. It was good.

She picked only the red ones and left the others to ripen. Hanni stooped over the little plants. The sun was warm. The stray hair around her face was wet against her forehead. She held the basket in the shadow of her skirt to keep the berries cool while she picked.

Before long the basket was full. She covered it over with daisy blossoms and forget-me-nots and went down the hill to the inn where two American ladies were staying. They liked the wild strawberries better than the big berries that grew in gardens.

“*Guten tag* (Good day),” said Hanni to the American ladies who were sitting under a striped umbrella in the rose garden of the inn.

“Oh, wild strawberries!” cried the American ladies. “And think of the cream the boy brought down from the alp this morning to eat with them.”

“That was my brother Carl. My name is Hanni. We live in that chalet half way up the hill. And there is a secret, but I can’t tell it. Robi and I are saving money for it.”





“These are so good,” said the American ladies, nibbling at the strawberries. “Couldn’t you bring some every day, or as often as there are enough?”

“Oh, yes,” said Hanni, “whenever there are ripe ones, I will gladly bring you some.”

When she took the silver half-franc that one of the ladies gave her, Hanni’s eyes seemed as blue and almost as big as Lake Brienz.

“Thank you,” she said, bobbing her stiff yellow braids.

And while the strawberries were ripening along the mountain paths, she brought more basketsful to the American ladies and there were more silver half-francs.

The old *frau* who kept the inn one day said to Hanni, couldn't she, perhaps, weed in the vegetable garden a little each day? Her old knees were getting stiff, she said, and she did not like to kneel down. Oh, yes, she could, Hanni said. She knew weeds from lettuce any day.

So Hanni weeded the old *frau's* garden, all around the lettuce and the radishes and the potatoes and around the beans that climbed up the poles. And there were more coppers and nickels for the old brown purse.





Hanni was so busy that she did not have time to tell secrets to any one. She fed her grandmother's chickens and watered the pink geraniums in the bright green window boxes that stood on all the window sills of the chalet. And she helped her grandmother polish the copper pans and kettles in the kitchen until they were dazzling bright. If she did it all very well, her grandmother said, there might be a franc or two for her after a while.

June passed by. Hanni's face was so sunburned that it was much darker than her hair, and her hands and feet were browner yet. The coins in the old purse made a loud jingling.

While Hanni was doing all these things, Robi was doing other things and was just as busy. His work at home was to weed their little square garden where the cabbages and the



beans and the potatoes grew, and to bring in the wood for his grandmother to burn in the kitchen stove. The wood was stacked in long piles under the wide eaves of the chalet. It had been cut in the forest the winter before and brought down in the early spring, and piled under the eaves.

Robi also helped his grandfather with the haying. They went haying in the fields that slanted down toward the lake. Grandfather swung the scythe swishing through the hay. He wore a white apron tied around his waist. With a long-handled rake Robi spread the hay out on the ground to dry. When the

hay was dry Grandfather would tie it up in big bundles. Then he would pull a corner of the apron up over his head. The corner was made like a hood and would keep the hay from falling down his neck and tickling him. Then he would balance the huge bundle of hay on his shoulders and trudge off to the cow house with it.

When they cut the sweet wild hay in the fields high up on the mountain side overhanging the valley, they wore boots with long spikes in them to keep them from slipping. The hay was dried in the high fields and stacked in sheltered places. Then when the first snow fell, it would be brought down the mountain on big sleds. Grandfather would stack the hay in the loft of the cow house.

Robi was a great help to him, Grandfather said. They would cut hay twice more in those meadows and he thought perhaps



he would have to give Robi a franc or two for being such a help.

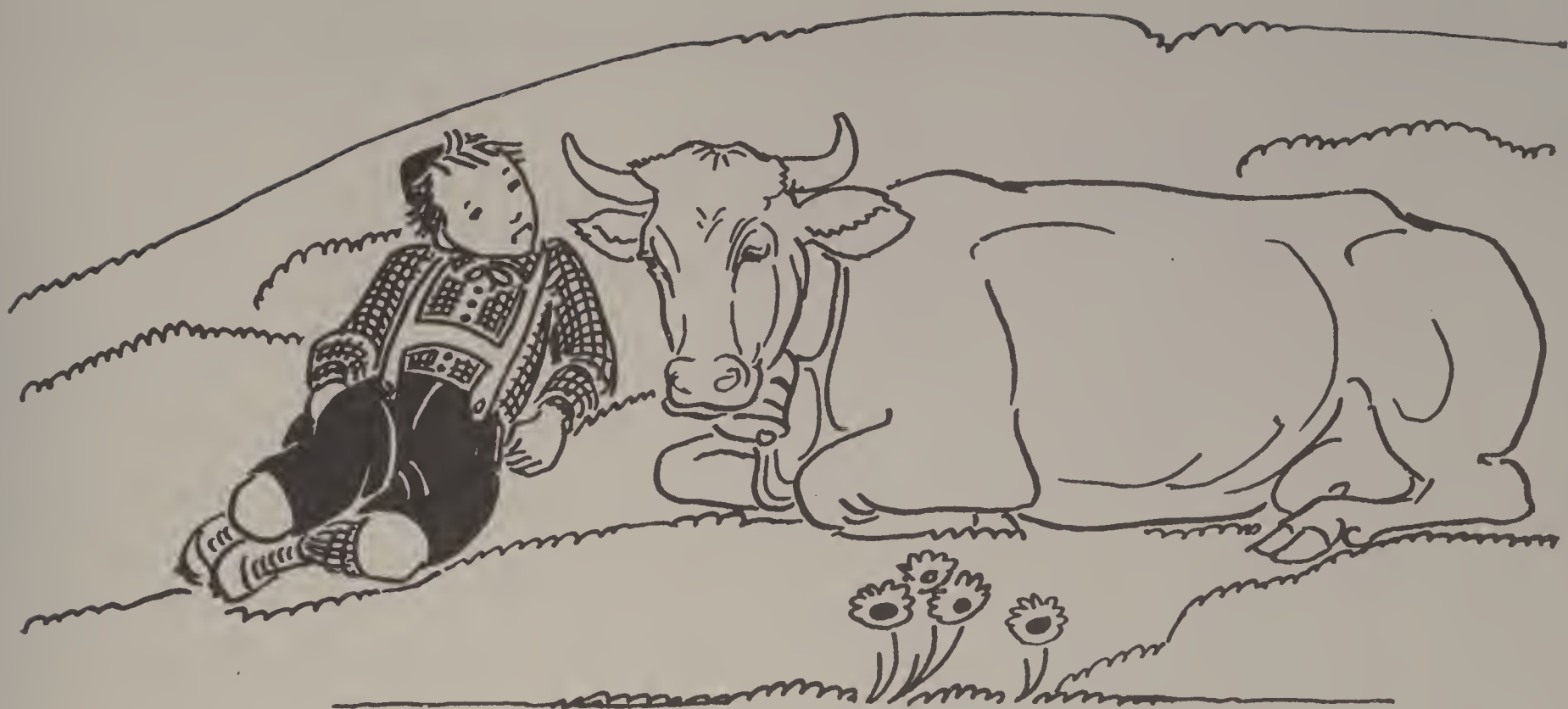
When the first hay crop was gathered, Robi needed a new job and one came right along. Old Herr Biner said he needed the hay in his valley meadow. Could Robi just take Herr Biner's old cow up to the mountain meadow a bit for grazing and bring her home at night? She was too old to go up with the other cows to the high mountain alps.

"Yes, I can," answered Robi.

"Watch her carefully," said old Herr Biner. "She's a wise one and may get away from you."

"Oh, I'll watch her carefully," said Robi. He felt like a real cowherd now.





In the morning he took his alpenstock and stamped up the path to the mountain pasture with the old cow. The pasture was not very far from the village. Robi took good care of the old cow for many days. And then one day the cow decided to run away. She walked off up the mountain and nothing that Robi could do would stop her. She walked on up the mountain until her old legs were tired. Then she lay down in a grassy spot and began to chew her cud. Robi could not make her get up and go home again. The little boy sat down beside her and if he had not been a cowherd, he would have cried.

After waiting a long time he heard voices yodelling.
“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!”

It was Grandfather and old Herr Biner coming up after him and the cow. Robi was so ashamed. He was not a real cowherd after all.

Old Herr Biner and Grandfather made the old cow get up and go back down the mountain. When they said good-by at

Robi's house, old Herr Biner held out two silver francs. Robi put his hands behind his back.

"I'm not a good cowherd," he said.

But old Herr Biner laughed around his pipe and said, "You are a good cowherd. You have been a good cowherd for a long time and you have earned this money. But this old cow is a contrary old thing. She was lonesome and she just took it into her head to join all her friends in the mountains. It takes a grown-up cowherd to make her mind. You wait until next summer and then see."

Robi took the silver francs.

"You've earned them. Just remember that," said old Herr Biner.

But those coins did not seem to jingle so loudly as some of the others when he put them in the old brown purse. After supper Robi kept his chin down on his chest and twisted his toes. Hanni was unhappy, too, because Robi was.

Grandfather played some tunes on his accordion. He played the song of the cowherds. He swung his arms and he stamped his feet. Grandmother was singing with him and after a while Hanni and Robi were singing too. And the neighbors in the





Grandfather played some tunes on his accordion

village were standing in their doorways and they were singing too:

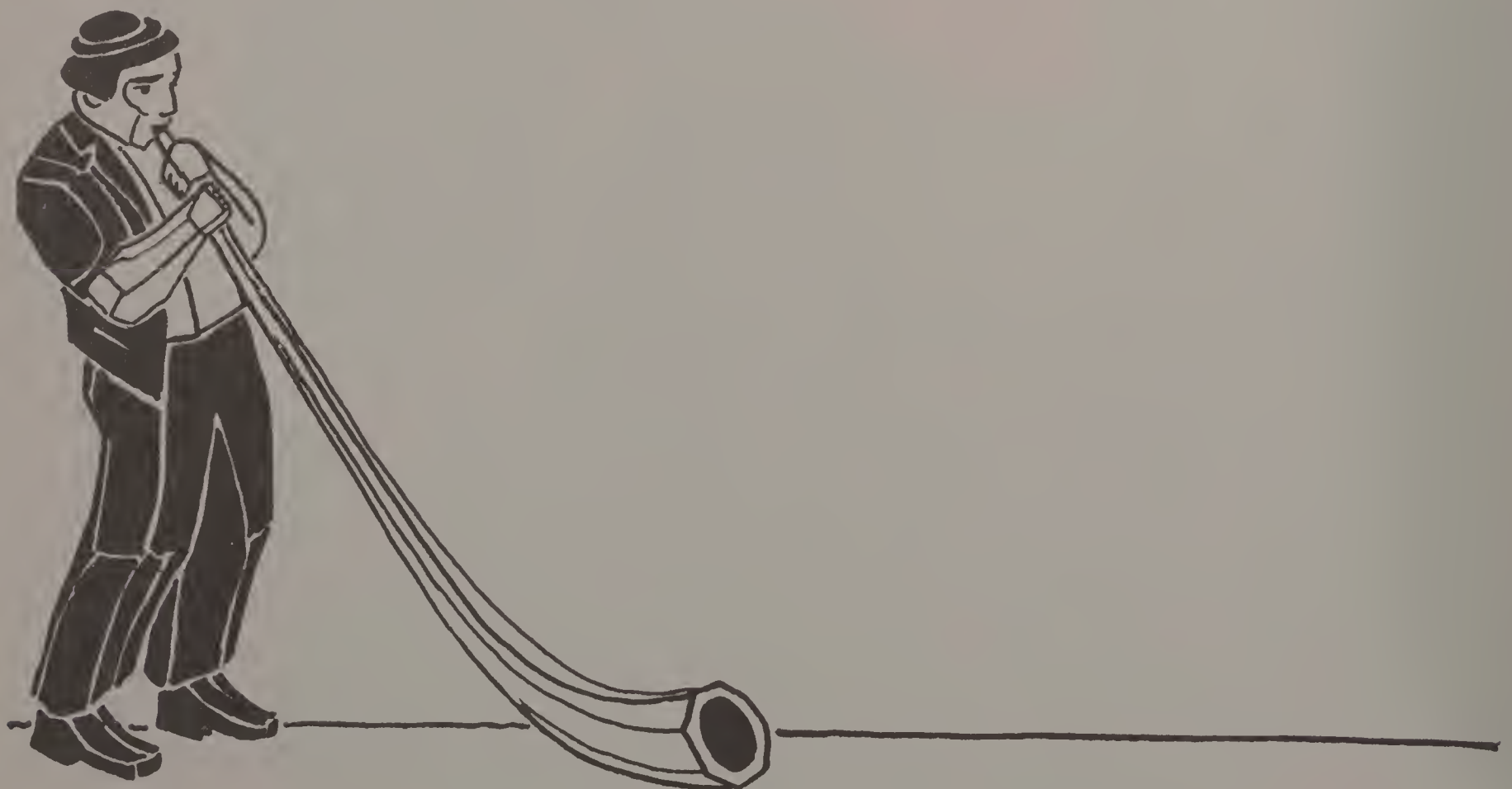
“No life like the cowherd’s, so happy and fine,
Like the cowherd’s so fine.
He walks and he plays in the fresh mountain wind,
In fresh mountain wind.
He goes with the sun to the alp in the morn.
He shouts and he jodels to the song of cow bells.

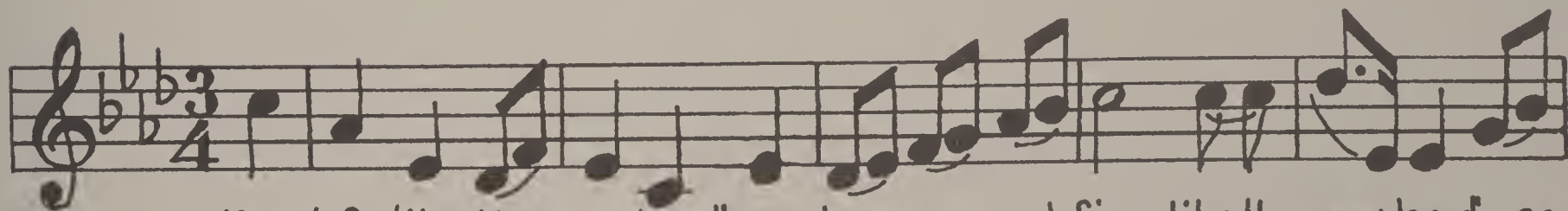
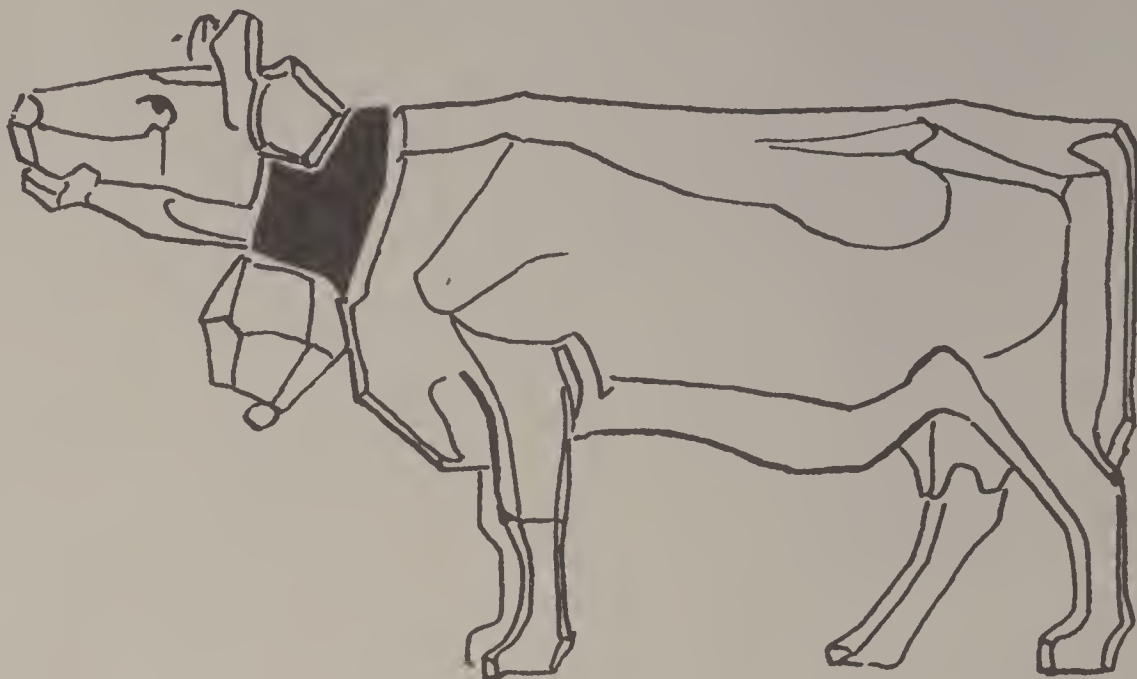
“He blows his long alp horn, it sings in the wind,
It sings in the wind,
And echoes from valleys to mountains again,
To mountains again.
So happy he feels in the free mountain air,
And high on the mountain alp in freedom he dwells.”

The song echoed back and forth over the lake.

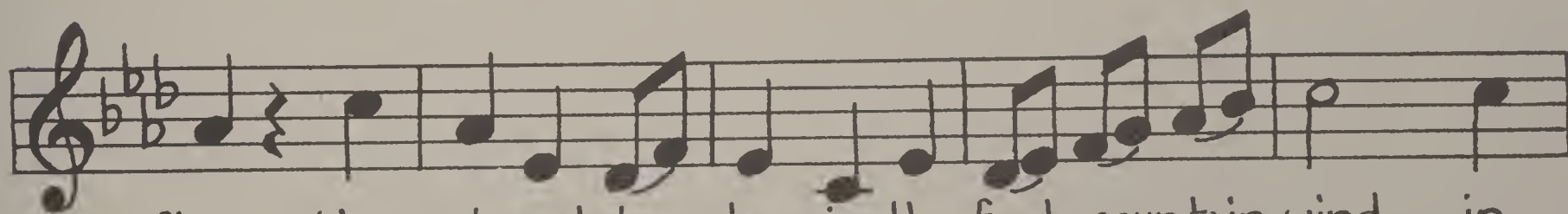
“Tomorrow I will get the big alpen horn from the cellar and play some tunes on that,” said Grandfather.

Then Robi was so excited that he forgot all about his troubles with the old cow.

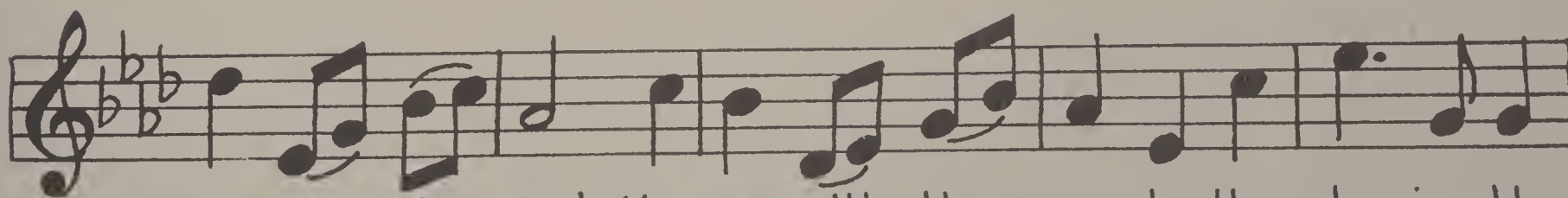




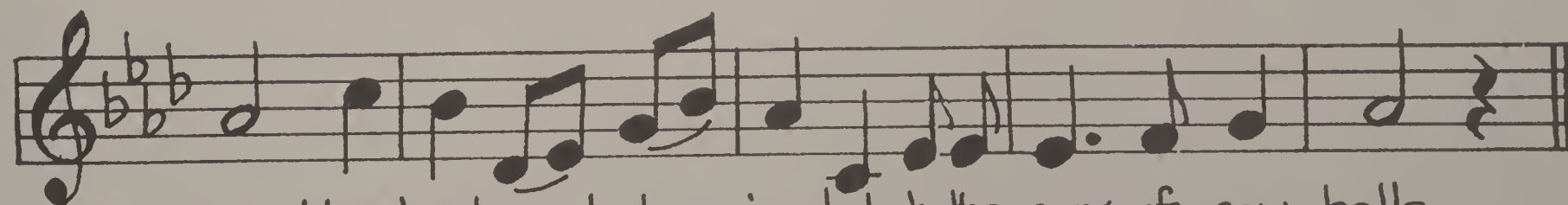
No life like the cow-herd's so hap-py and fine, like the cow-herd's so



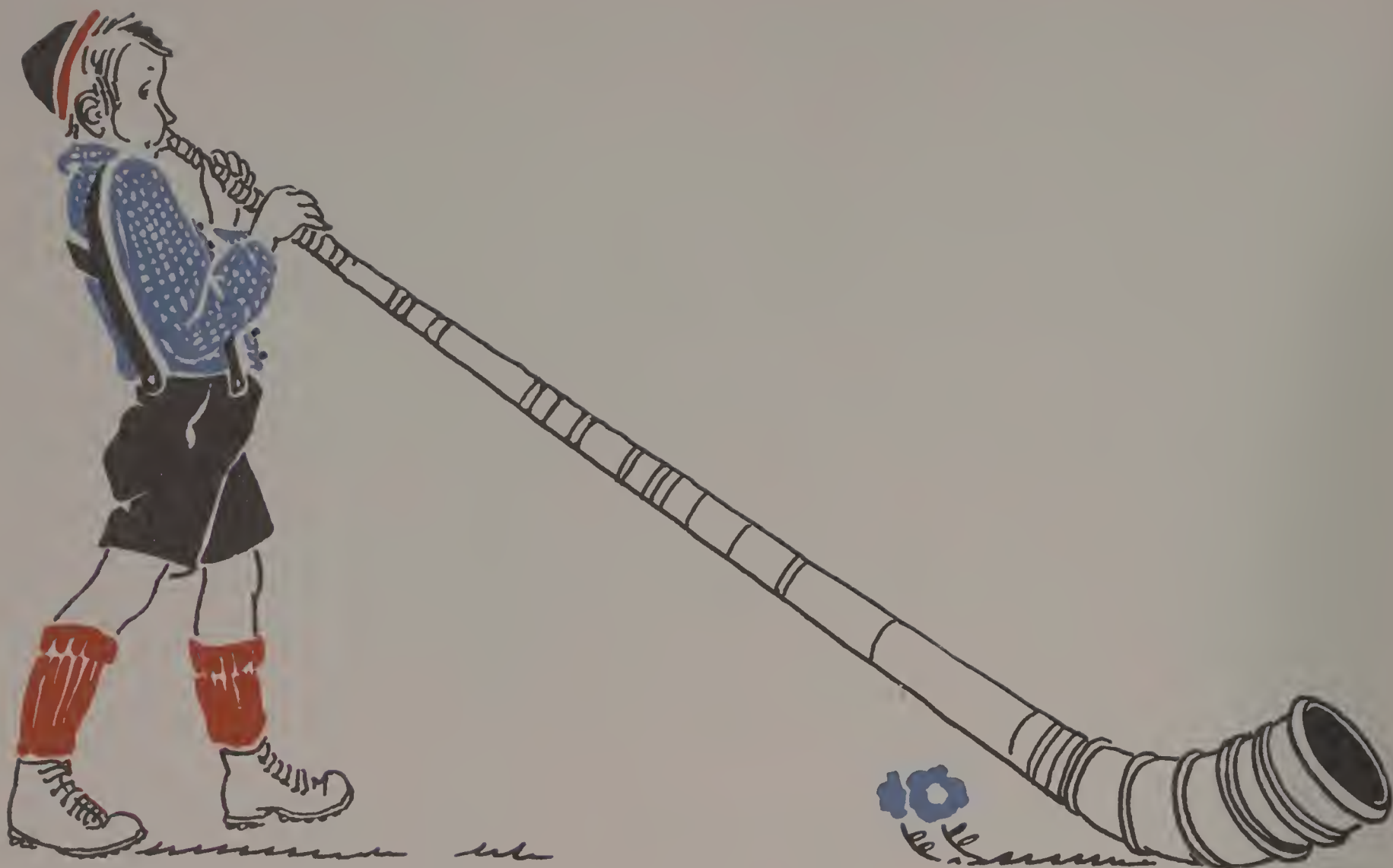
fine. He works and he plays in the fresh moun-tain wind, in



fresh moun-tain wind. He goes with the sun to the alp in the



morn, He shouts and he jo-del to the song of cow bells.



THE GOATHERD

The next day Grandfather carried his old alpen horn from the cellar and soaked it in water, so that he could make music on it. The horn was made of wood and was bound around with strips of wood fibre. It was a huge horn, longer even than Grandfather.

That evening, when the sun was slipping down behind the mountains, he set the horn up on the ground before him and blew the evening call to the cows. His cheeks puffed out and his face was red, for it took all his breath to blow that long horn. The beautiful ringing notes of the horn sang out over the blue water of the lake and up into the pines. They echoed from rock to rock.

“That would bring any old cow home,” said Robi.

“It is so beautiful that she should come right away, shouldn’t she?” said Hanni.

“Did you really used to carry that big horn up to the alps in the spring and blow it for the cows?” asked Robi.

“Yes, we really did when I was a young cowherd,” said Grandfather. “And the cows came the minute they heard it. But the small horns they use now are easier to blow.”

Robi tried to blow the big horn, but he could not make even the least little squeak of a note. Not one. Only the breath of a grown man could make music on that horn.

It was July now and Carl came down with cream again. The cows were leaving the middle pastures and climbing to the highest alp where they would stay until late summer.

When Carl came into Grandfather’s yard, he found Robi and Hanni at the corner of the bake oven counting francs and



coppers. Hanni put one hand over her mouth and tried to cover up the money with the corner of her apron.

“Oh, Carl knows we are saving money for a secret,” said Robi.

“Does he?” giggled Hanni.

But Carl did not ask what she was giggling about. He gave each of them a huge bunch of alpen roses.

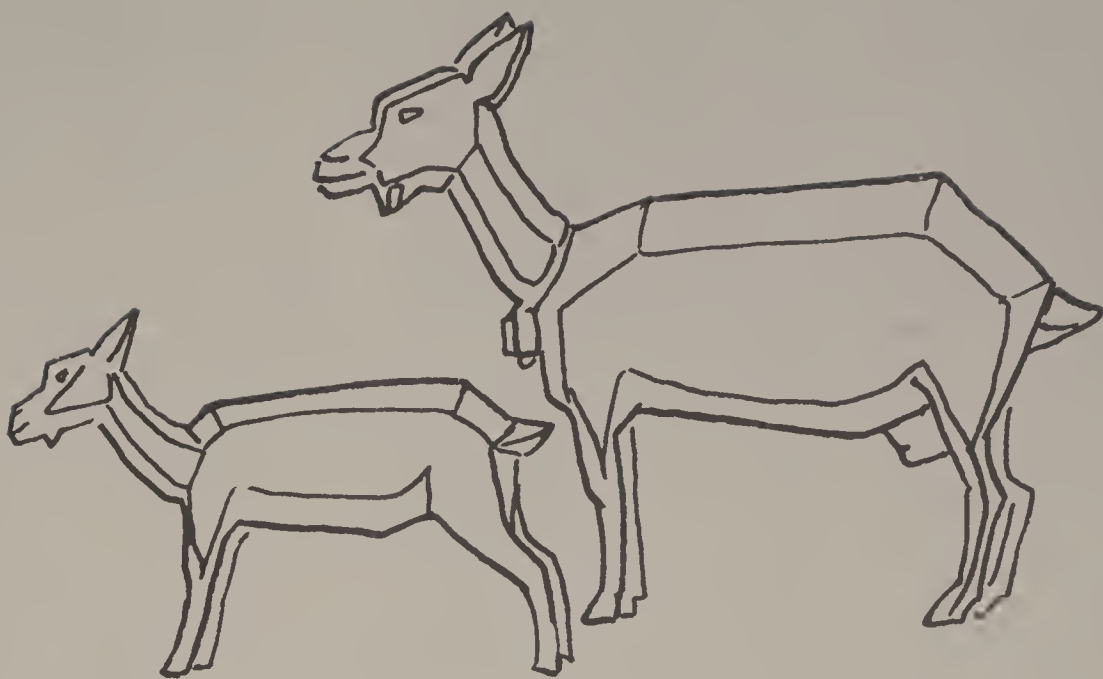
“You might sell them to some tourists,” said Carl, “and add a little to your savings.”

“Oh, thank you, Carl,” said Robi. “The English and American people always like these roses. They are so lovely and red and pink and come from such high rocky places. Of course we can sell them.”

“And there is something else,” said Carl.

From deep down in his pocket he pulled some wood carvings. They were goats with stiff legs and high heads and stubby tails. He had been carving them while he was taking care of the cows on the alp.





“I’m going to put some brown stain on them today and you can sell them, too.”

“Oh, Carl,” cried Robi, “they are beautiful.”

Hanni was giggling again. She had both hands clasped tightly over her mouth. They were clasped so tightly that her fingers were white. Her cheeks were red enough to burst.

But Carl did not ask what the matter was. He just pulled one of her yellow braids and said, “Well, little one, I must put the stain on the goats.”

“Do you know what I heard, Robi?” he said, as he was brushing the brown stain over the wooden goats.

“No, what?” asked Robi.

“You know Franz who cares for the village goats and takes them up to the pasture every day? I mean the ones that stay down here for the summer.”

“Oh, yes, like our goat Grigga. She goes up with him every morning and stops off at our chalet in the evening when he brings them home,” said Robi.

“Well, Franz is going up to the alp for a while. He’ll be

there a whole month. And his brother is too small to watch the goats all alone and needs another boy to help him. Franz wants you to be the one."

"Oh, I could do that," said Robi. "I am sure I could do that."

"And, of course, you would earn some money for your purse."

"Yes," cried Hanni. "We may have to get another one. This one is almost splitting, it is so full." Then Hanni looked at Carl and covered up her mouth.

So Robi helped to care for the village goats. Early in the morning he and Rudolf went up the hill through the village. Rudolf blew his little horn to call the goats. When the goats heard the horn, they ran out of their goat sheds with their bells tinkling. Grigga ran out from her shed and walked right beside Robi with her head and tail in the air.

Rudolf and Robi had knapsacks on their backs. In the





knapsacks were red and white handkerchiefs wrapped around bread and cheese with sometimes a piece of chocolate for their lunch. The goats ate all the morning in the bushy pasture and in the afternoon lay down and chewed their cuds. Robi and Rudolf ate their lunch when the sun was high in the sky. They sat beside a waterfall that came jumping and twisting down over the rocks.

When the sun had dropped down to the mountain tops, they blew the horn again to call the goats together and came down the mountain. Grigga stopped off at Robi's house and went into the goat shed, while the others stopped at their own houses. Then the two goatherds went home to supper. They were good goatherds.

While Robi was busy watching the goats, Hanni was helping her grandfather with the haying. She could toss hay out to dry almost as well as Robi could. And she picked baskets of blueberries and carried them to the American ladies who were staying at the inn.

When Franz came back from the alp and Robi had finished his goatherding, Robi and Hanni put all their silvers and coppers into the brown purse. It would not shut at all. So Grandmother gave them another purse.

"That secret is getting bigger and bigger every day," said Grandmother.

"Oh, I just wish I could tell," cried Hanni. "It is such a beautiful secret! I just wish I could tell it!" And she ran out of the chalet before the secret could get away from her.





THE CITY OF BEARS

A few days after Robi had finished his goat herding, the American ladies asked Hanni and Robi to go to Bern with them to spend the day. Robi and Hanni were so excited that they could scarcely think. To go to Bern, the beautiful city of Bern, the capital city of all Switzerland, and see the many things there were to see!

Robi wore his best blue trousers and a real white shirt. He had a cap too. Hanni wore a bright red dress and no apron and her braids were stiffer than they had ever been before. There were blue bows on the ends of them. She had a hat too. Hanni felt strange without an apron. She folded her fat hands carefully over her stomach.

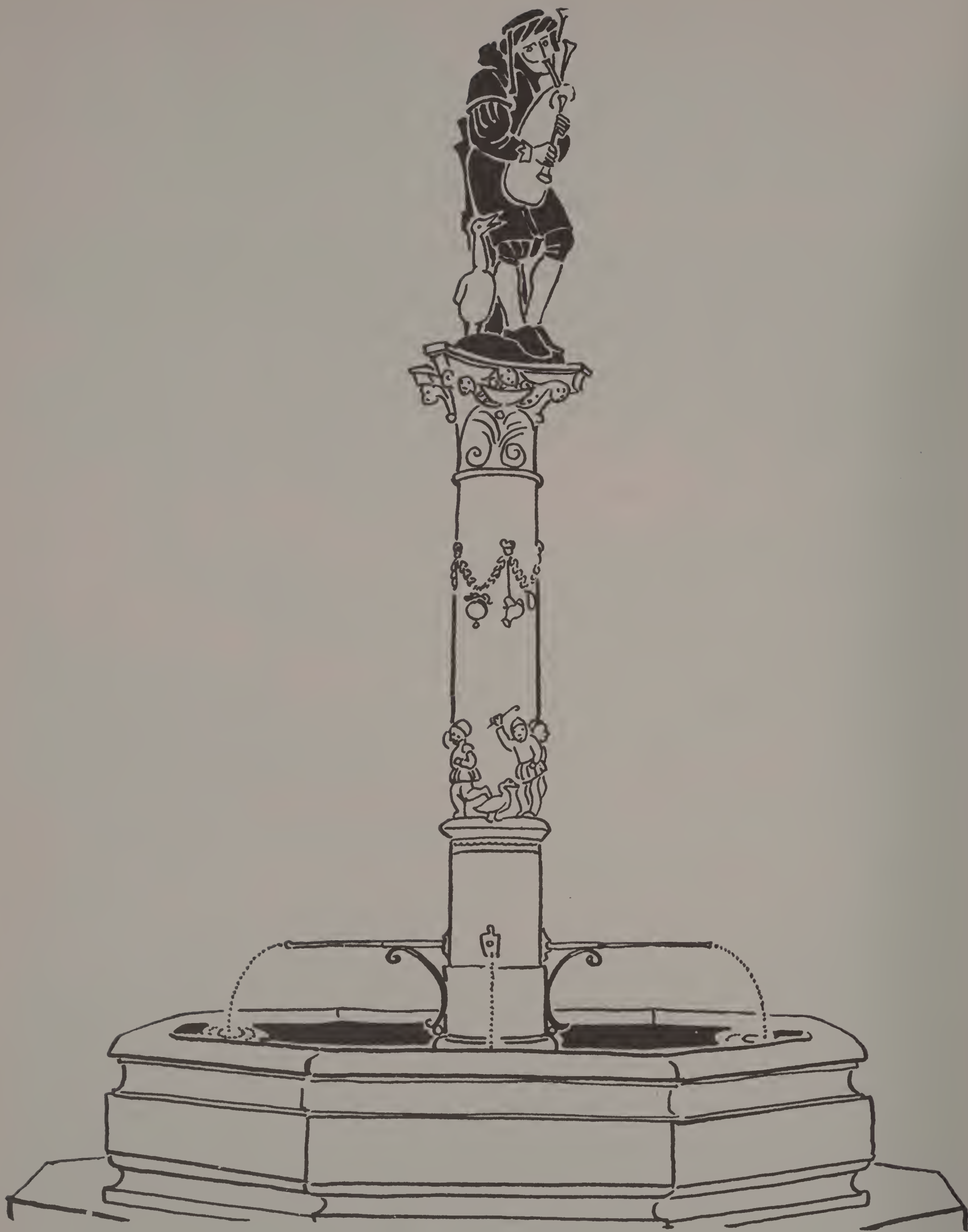


They went down to the boat dock with the American ladies. Here the village almost fell into the lake. From the dock they were to take the boat to Interlaken. The boat was a steamboat with side wheels to paddle the water and make it go. It went all around Lake Brienz from Interlaken to Ringgenberg, to the Village of the Giant's Wood, to Giessbach Falls where the water fell down in seven cascades into the lake, to Brienz, the Wooden Village and back again to Interlaken.

The white steamer swept up to the dock, a bell jangled and the gang plank was run out so that people could walk from the dock onto the boat. Robi and Hanni were in so much of a hurry

that they almost fell into the water. The whistle blew and off they went to Interlaken. The name of the steamer was the *Brien****z***, and for some reason that made Hanni giggle again. The boat slid through the turquoise water of Lake Brien***z***.





The bagpipe blower playing on his pipes

At Interlaken they climbed into a train and sat down opposite each other on the clean wooden seats. Robi sat by one window and Hanni sat by another and they never took their eyes from the things that were passing by outside. The train rattled along the shore of Lake Thun and past tiny towns, each one with only a few houses and a pointed white church tower. On the white towers were black-faced clocks that told the time.

“It’s half-past nine,” said Robi.

After they had reached the end of Lake Thun, they traveled for about an hour more and came at last to Bern. It was a large city with many church towers and more houses than all the towns they had passed through put together. Most of the houses were old and tall and had high gables. The swift River Aare, the same river that ran into Lake Brienz and from Lake Brienz into Lake Thun, looped in a deep gorge through the city and ran under many bridges.

From the station Robi and Hanni walked with the two American ladies along Spital Street. The second stories of the houses hung out over the sidewalks and made arcades along the streets. There were arched openings on the edge of the sidewalks and as Robi and Hanni walked in the arcades, they peeped out from under the arches onto the street.

“Oh, look,” cried Hanni. “Look at the children!”

The children were carved in stone. They were shown dancing around the fountain. On the top of the column in the center of the fountain was a bagpipe blower playing on his pipes. He was painted in gay colors. He had a goose at his feet and a monkey on his back. The Drudelsackpfeifer—that is what he



BERN :
THE CITY OF BEARS



was called in Bern. The fountain had been built by musicians many years ago.

"Oh, I like him," said Hanni. She wanted to sit right down on the edge of the fountain and stay there.

"But there are the bears to see," said Robi.

"Oh, yes, the bears," said Hanni, and she walked on looking back at the Drudelsackpfeifer and his dancing children.

At the end of that street was Bear Square. Everything was bears in Bern. There were stone bears and wooden bears and painted bears. There were bears everywhere. There were even gingerbread bears in the bakery shop windows. One of the American ladies said that there was a legend telling why Bern was named after a bear.

Robi had heard this legend but he always loved to hear it again. So he asked the American lady to tell it.

"Once upon a time many years ago a band of knights went hunting in the forest by the River Aare. When the leader of the knights came to a high bluff where the river swept around in a sharp curve, he thought it would make a fine site for a castle.

"Let us name it for the first animal we kill in our hunt."

"And the first animal was a bear. The knight built his castle on the bluff and the city that grew up around the castle was named Bern after the bear.

"So the banner of the city has a bear on it with its red tongue showing and its right paw held up. And for over four hundred years, the city of Bern has kept a few bears in a large pit, because it was the City of Bears."



From Bear Square the American ladies and the children walked into Markt Gasse, Market Street. Here were other fountains.

“Oh, I like that one,” cried Robi, pointing ahead. “That is a real Swiss soldier. Doesn’t he stand straight!”

“I like the Drudelsackpfeifer better,” said Hanni. “I could almost hear his music.”

“Wait, there is a funnier one in the next square,” said one of the American ladies.

And in Kornhaus Place they found the Ogre. The people of Bern loved that statue best. Around the shaft in the center of

the fountain was a procession of bears. On the top was a huge bronze ogre eating fat bronze babies. Yes, he really was.

Robi knew it was a joke and he laughed, but Hanni's stiff braids stood out about straight in the air and her mouth drew up in a tight circle to cry.

"Oh, it must be almost time for the clock to strike," said one of the American ladies quickly. And before Hanni had time to cry, they hurried to the next street to see the clock.





The Clock Tower



It was just twelve o'clock noon. In a tower under a pointed roof was a huge bronze clock. Against the wall under the clock was a bronze man holding an hour glass in his hand. On his left was a bronze dragon and on his right a bronze cock. When it was time for the clock to strike, the cock flapped his wings and cried "Cock-a-doodle-do!" Then two giants high up in the tower struck on a bell with hammers twelve times. The cock flapped his wings and cried again, "Cock-a-doodle-do." A clown rang his bells and a procession of bears marched around.

When the clock stopped striking, the old man turned over his hour glass, the procession stopped, the dragon wiggled his head and the cock crowed again, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

Robi clapped his hands and Hanni wanted to stay right there until the clock struck again to see if it did the same thing.

"But there are the bears," said Robi.

"Oh, yes, the bears," said Hanni.

They walked on along the street under the arcades and across a high stone bridge over the River Aare. On the other side of the bridge was the bear pit, sunk many feet below the sidewalks.

The American ladies bought some bunches of carrots and some strings of figs to feed the bears. Every one was feeding the bears. How the bears could eat all the carrots and figs that people threw down to them was more than Robi could see.





The bears caught the carrots as they fell and swallowed them in one gulp, tops and all. Snap, went their teeth together and swallow, went their throats, and the carrots were gone. They liked the figs even better and waved their paws at Hanni when she took too long to throw them down. They stood and begged with their red mouths wide open.

There was a spiky tree in the middle of the pit for the bears to climb on. They could sit in the tree and still catch carrots.

Then it was dinner time and the bears knew it. It was time for their meat.

“How can any of them eat meat now after all those carrots and figs?” asked Robi.

But the bears thought they could. They went up to the doors of the pit and banged on them with their front feet. The doors were iron and they were loose. They made a great clanking noise when the bears beat on them. At last the keepers opened the doors and in scuttled the bears as fast as they could.

"Now the baby bears will come out," said the American ladies.

"Oh, the babies," cried Hanni. She had some figs still clutched in her hands.

The keepers were trying to push the babies out. But only one would come. It was a funny little one with a short nose. It cried and tried to get back in the door.

"I think it likes its keeper," said Robi.

"I think it is lonesome," said Hanni.

The baby bear sat in the middle of the pit crying.

"Don't cry, Baby," said Hanni. "Here is a fig."

The bear sniffed around at the fig and then ate it slowly. It smelled of the carrots, but would not eat any. It wandered around the pit and went over to the door and cried to get in.



Soon there was a loud pounding on the inside of the iron doors. The big bears had eaten their meat and were ready to come out again.

“Do you suppose they can hold any more?” asked Robi. “They eat more than a herd of cows.”

The keeper took in the baby bear and out came the big ones, scuffling over the stone floor and strutting on their hind legs begging.

“Why, you greedy, greedy things!” cried Robi. “Still hungry?”

“Let’s go and have our own dinner,” said the American ladies. They wiped as much of the sticky figs from Hanni’s hands and dress as they could. Then they went to a big restaurant in a cellar where there was a barrel as big as a cheese house.

“I would like some bread and cheese,” said Hanni, “and some milk.”

But Robi thought he would try some of the strange city food and perhaps some of those nice cold ices that the American people like.

After lunch Robi said, “Now I would like to see Barri.”

So they went to the museum where the stuffed body of the famous St. Bernard dog, Barri, is shown. He was one of the bravest of the St. Bernards who watched the snowy passes near the St. Bernard monastery and rescued travelers lost in the deep snow. He had saved the lives of many, many men, by finding them in the snow and barking and howling until the monks came to carry them to the monastery.

After that the American ladies took the children across another bridge to the Kursaal, an open-air pavilion, to hear the music. Hanni fell asleep right away with her hat over one eye, but Robi kept his eyes wide open and looked out over the city at the mountains. There was the Jungfrau, the high mountain that he could see from Interlaken.

It was called the Jungfrau, the Maiden, because it always wore a dress of dazzling white snow. Robi wondered if some day he could ride up in the railroad that led to the top of the Jungfrau. It was the highest railroad in Europe and ran for over four miles through the rocks of the Jungfrau and the two neighboring mountains, the Monk and the Ogre. Some day he would make that trip. The Jungfrau was the most beautiful mountain in all Switzerland, thought Robi.



When the concert was over, it was almost time for the train. They walked back past the Drudelsackpfeifer playing to his children. And Robi and Hanni spent the half-francs that the American ladies had given them. They bought some gingerbread bears. They would be the very best things, they thought, to take back to Grandmother and Grandfather to show what a fine day they had had in Bern.





DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

It was raining in the Valley of the Giant's Wood. It was September. The wind was cold.

"It is snowing up in the mountains," said Grandfather. "The cows will come down tomorrow."

Early in the morning of the next day when the sun rose, Robi could see the snow in the evergreen trees on the mountains. And there was the sound of bells all around them. The air was filled with the jangling of bells, high-pitched bells and low-pitched bells, booming bells and tinkling bells.

"The cows are coming," cried Robi. "The cows are coming! Hear the bells!"

“Carl is coming,” cried Hanni, dancing up and down, her stiff braids flopping. “Carl is coming and now we can tell the secret!”

“Oh, wait a minute, Hanni,” said Robi. “You must still keep it. Wait until I give you the sign. Just wait!”

Hanni was holding her hands over her mouth.

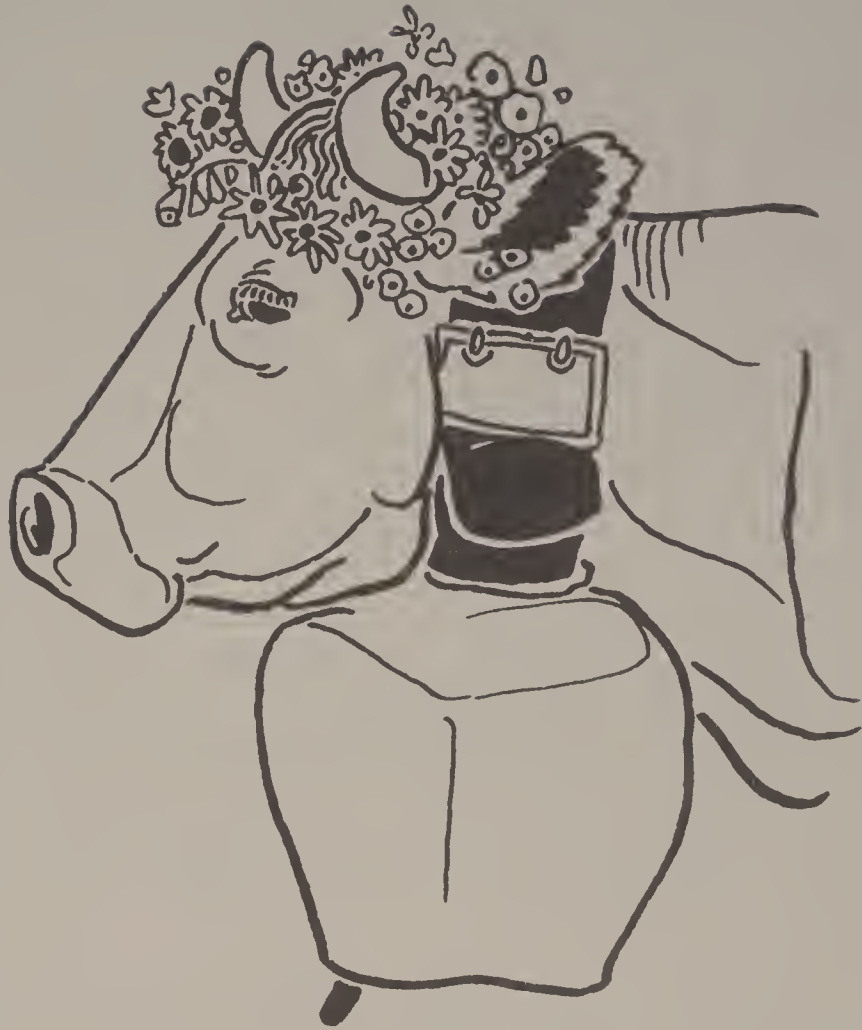
“Oh, when can I tell, when can I tell?” she mumbled between her fingers. “When can I ever tell?”

Robi stared at Hanni. She looked as if she would burst in just a minute.

“Get the purses,” said Robi.

Hanni ran to the living room, climbed up on the green tile stove and brought out the two old purses. They were both bulg-





ing with silvers and coppers and they were tied tightly together with one of Hanni's hair ribbons. There was a bow on the top.

"Hold them in your apron, like this. Do you remember your speech?"

"Oh, yes," said Hanni. "Dear brother Carl, we—"

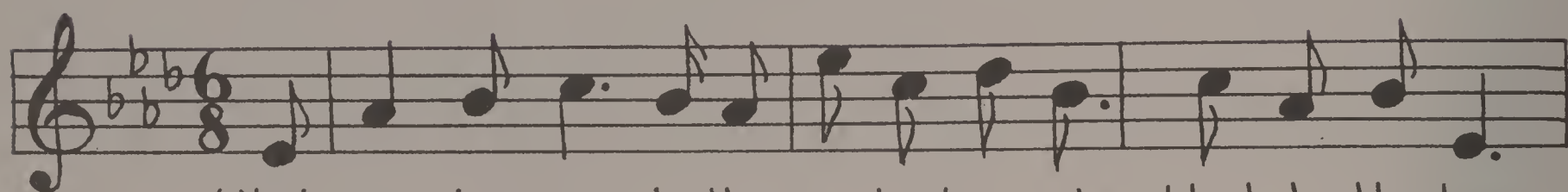
"Don't say it now," said Robi. "Some one may hear you."

Hanni held her apron with one hand and covered her mouth with the other. She rolled her eyes at Grandmother and Grandfather when they came out to watch the cows, but they did not ask what the matter was. They knew it was the secret trying to get out.

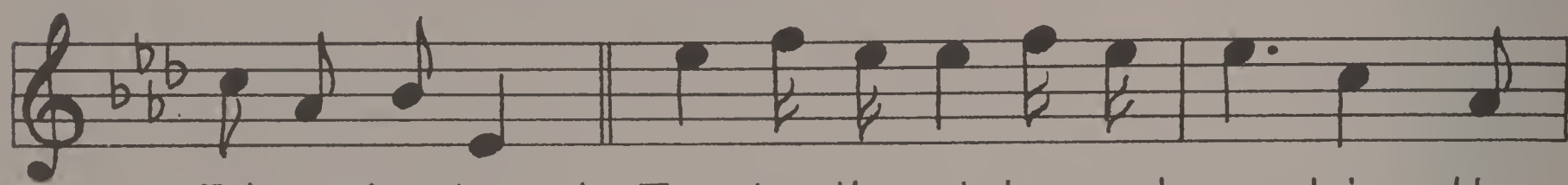
Down the path came the cows led by Berli, the beautiful cow with a bell as big as her head. There were wreaths of flowers around the horns of the cows and bunches of flowers in the pointed green hats of the herdsman.

The boys and the men were all singing and the village people were coming from their homes and singing with them:

“Across the meadows and over the lake,
List to the horns,
Echoing horns!
Allihoh-hoh-hoh,
Tra-la-la-la!”



What mag-ic mu-sic the cow-herds a-wake, Hark to the horns,
A-cross the mead-ows and o-ver the lake, Hark to the horns,



Ech-o-ing horns! Far o'er the val-leys and moun-tains, the
Ech-o-ing horns!



song of the clear Al-pen horn, the song of the clear Al-pen horn!

The cows all lowed when they saw their cow houses in the valley, and the goats bleated.

“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!” yodelled the cowherds.

“Alli-hoh-hoh-hoh!” yodelled the people of the village.

The cows were fat and sleek and happy. The cowherds were as brown as the cows.

“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!” cried the people. “The cows are home, the cows are home!”

Carl crunched down the path beside his grandfather's cows. The cows had a wreath hanging on each horn. Carl had a big cheese strapped to his back. The other cheeses were brought down on sleds covered with fir branches, but this cheese was his very own cheese and he was seeing that it came safely down the mountain. He would sell it for money for the carving school.

Grandfather's cows came in at the gate with Carl and went to the cow house. They walked thoughtfully into their stalls. They could smell the hay that Grandfather had stacked in the hay loft.

Carl read the words that were carved on the wall:

HEALTHY COWS AND GOOD PASTURE
MAKE RICH CHEESE AND BRING HAPPINESS.

The family all went into the kitchen and sat around the big table for dinner. There was a bunch of asters in the center.

The floor was scrubbed until it was almost white. Robi had done that. And the copper pans hanging against the wall were polished so brightly that they shone like so many setting suns. Hanni had done that.

They ate their dinner of rye bread and milk and cheese. There was meat and pancakes, too, to celebrate. At least, Grandfather and Grandmother ate their dinner. Carl ate about two dinners. He was hungry after that long tramp down the mountain. Robi could eat only half a dinner and Hanni could not eat any at all.

That might have been because one of her hands was busy

holding something tightly in her apron and the other one holding her mouth shut. She did not dare open it lest the secret pop out. Her shoulders were jiggling up and down to keep the giggles in. Sometimes the giggling would burst out.

Robi looked worried. He wished dinner would be over. But no one asked Hanni what the matter was. At last they had all finished and Grandmother carried away the dishes.

Carl took the savings box that he had brought from the shelf in the cow house and began to count his money. He piled up the five-franc pieces in one pile and the francs in another pile and the half-francs in another. He had been saving for a long time. There were a lot of francs.

“Will it be enough?” said Carl.

“We’ll see,” said Grandfather. “You count and I’ll set it down.”

Carl counted. There were only three five-franc pieces, but there were more francs and more half-francs. And there were piles of coppers. Grandfather set down the sums and they guessed at what Carl had earned that summer and put that down too. Then Grandfather began to add them up.

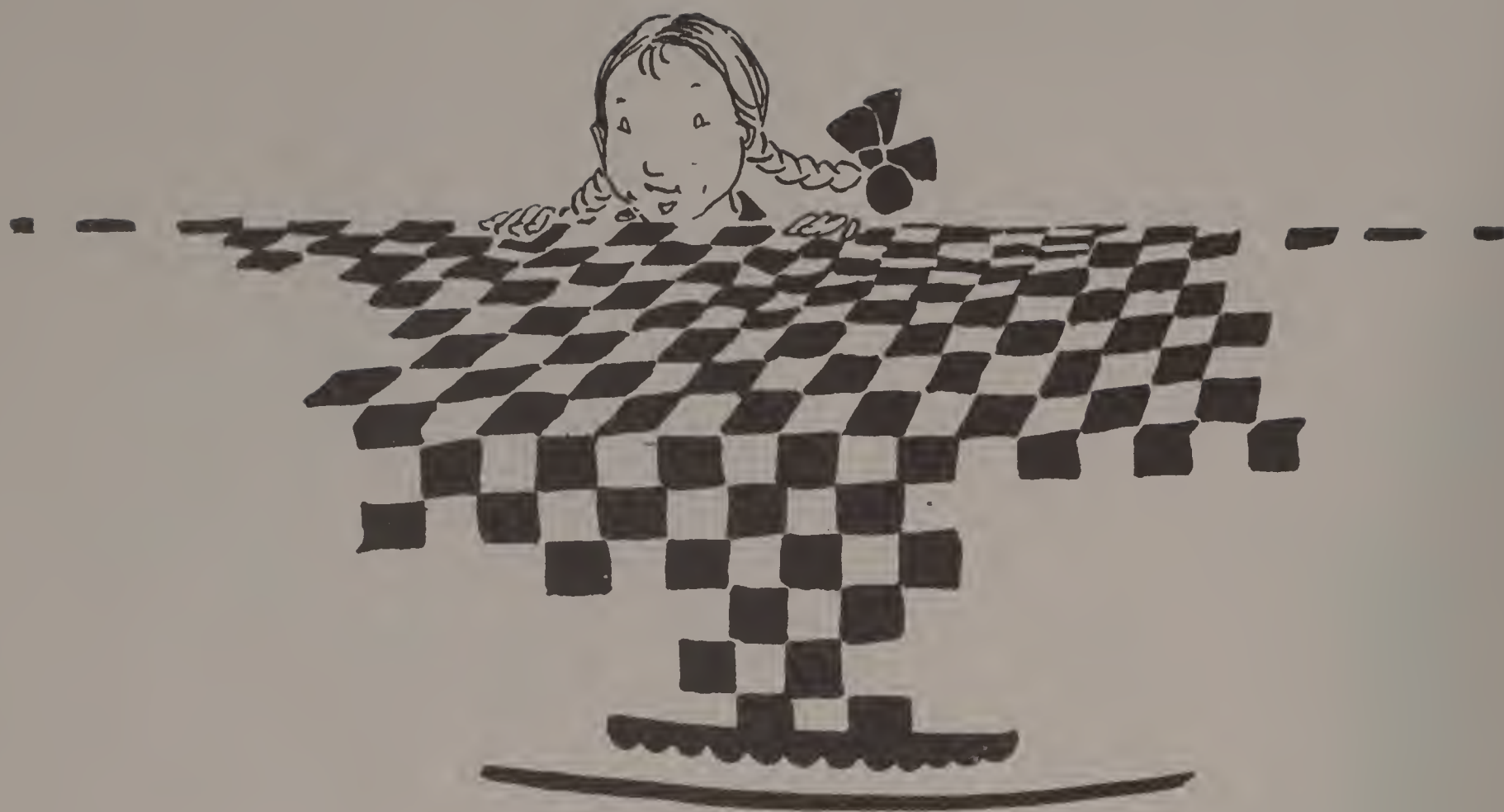
Hanni was whispering something to herself. Her face was as red as the hair ribbons on her twisting yellow braids. Both hands were clutching the purses in her lap.

Robi raised his hand. That was the sign to tell the secret.

Hanni jumped up from her stool and stood by the table. Her eyes looked bigger than Lake Brienz. She opened her mouth to make her speech, but nothing came out of it. Her mouth just stayed open and her eyes grew bigger.



She opened her mouth to make her speech



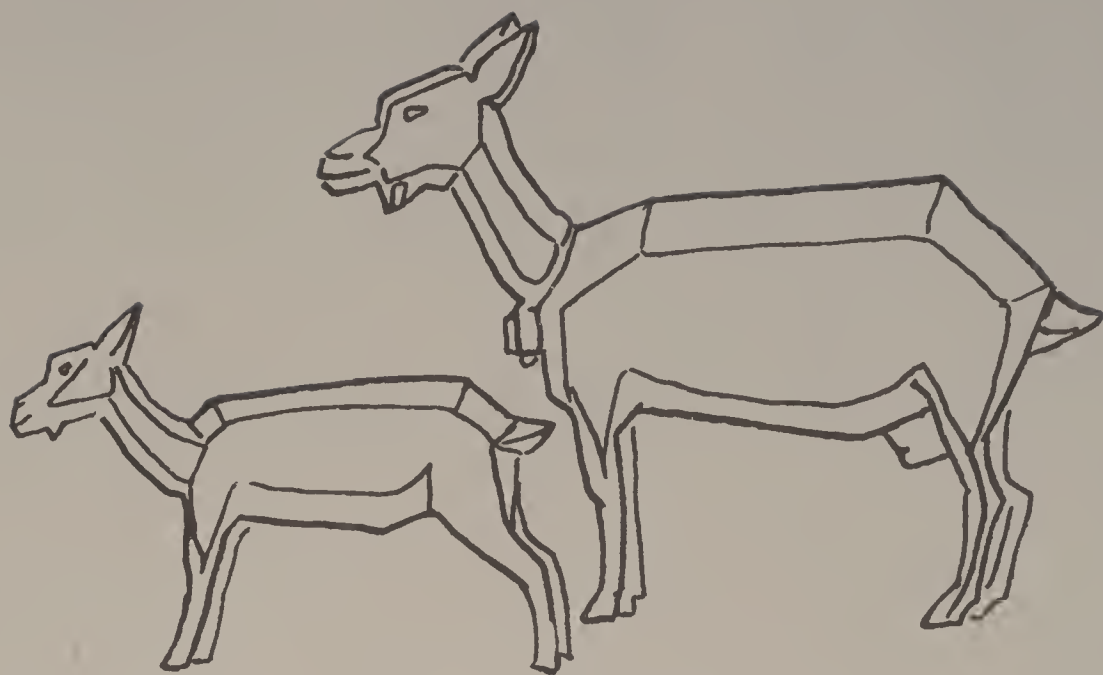
Then, "Here!" cried Hanni. She handed Carl the two old purses tied together with the pink hair ribbon and disappeared under the table.

"For the carving school," said Robi. He wanted to go under the table too, but he was a cowherd and could not.

Carl held the two purses in his hand and looked from Robi to the place where Hanni's blue eyes were peeping over the table top opposite him. There was something the matter with Carl's voice too. He could not shake it out of his throat. Grandfather was clearing his throat and Grandmother was smiling so hard that there were tears in her eyes.

"Count it," said Hanni from under the table.

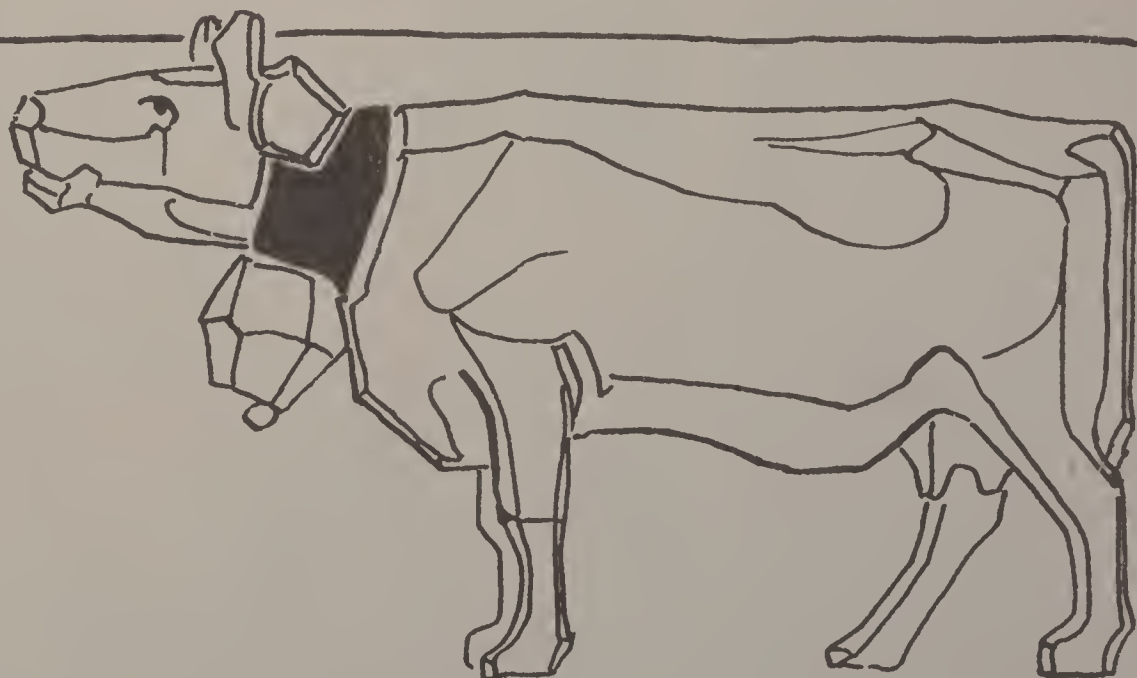
Carl sat down and untied the pink hair ribbon and folded it carefully. Then he emptied the two purses on the table. The coppers and the silver pieces rang on the table like little goat



bells. Carl piled up the francs and the half-francs and the coppers and counted them. Grandfather set them down and added them up. Then he added his half of the school money.

And there was enough for the carving school!

Hanni began to clap her hands and jump up and down. Her braids stood on end. Robi was grinning so widely that it seemed that he would never be able to get his mouth shut again.



“Hurrah!” cried Carl. “Now I can go to the carving school. This very year I can go and learn to carve better cows and people and goats. Hurrah! Oh, thank you, Robi, and thank you, Hanni. I can go. I can go!”

“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!” cried Robi and Hanni and Grandfather and Grandmother all together. “Allihoh-hoh-hoh!” And every one in that chalet was so happy, even the cows and Grigga the goat, because Carl could go to the carving school in the Wooden Village.

“Allihoh-hoh-hoh!”

“Tra-la-la-la!”





BERN: THE
CITY OF BEARS

RIVER AARE

THUN

LAKE THUN

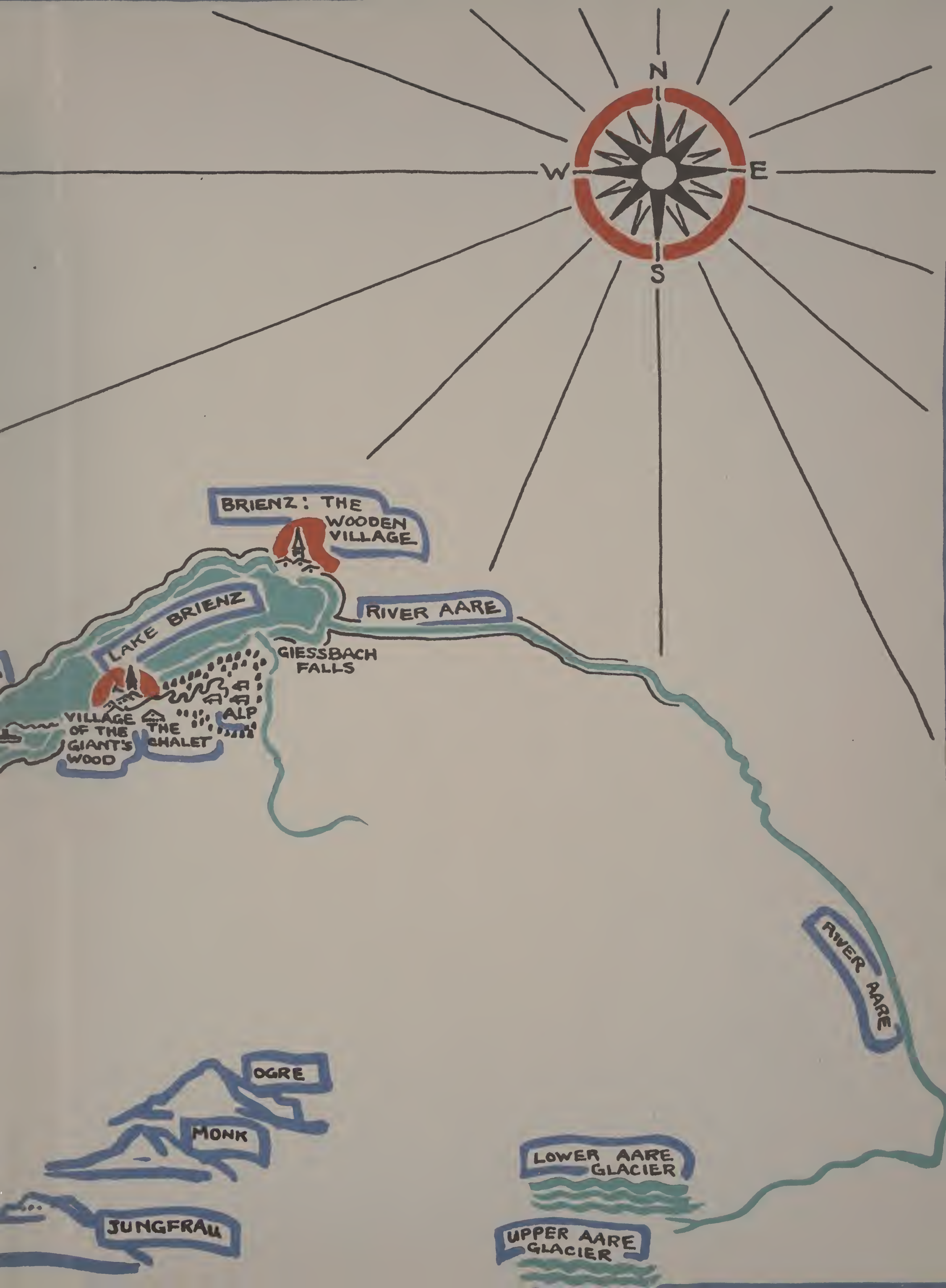
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